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The People's Press.

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The People's Press.

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JOB PRINTING

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A social philosopher foresees the day when the primary school desks will be supplied with type writers instead of writing books.

Ex-Secretary Holcomb, of the American Legation at Pekin, says that out of the 400,000,000 inhabitants of the Chinese Empire, fully 300,000,000 spend less than $1.50 a month for food.

There is an interesting freak of nature at Marysville, Cal., in the shape of a double-headed calf, two heads being set on one neck. But Byron, a rival California town, now looks down on Marysville because of its wonderful pig, which has two bodies and one head.

A large vault with walls of stone and filled with skeletons of human beings has been discovered in an Indian mound which overlooks the Missouri river from a hill near Jefferson City, Mo. The skeletons are thought to be the remains of the mound-builders, although the remarkable state of preservation in which hey are found would indicate that they are of more recent date.

Over 1,000,000,000 cans are used annually by the canners of this country. A box of tin plates, which weighs from 108 to 112 pounds, will make between seven and eight cases of cans. A case contains a dozed three-pound cans, the general size, or two dozen one-pound cans. Taking the average, a box of tin will make about one hundred cans. Thus, about 10,000,000 boxes of tin plates are necessary every year to make the cans to hold the goods packed in this country. The weight of the metal alone is something like 110,000,000 pounds, and the cost about $15,000,000.

The New York *Tribune* says that "Attention is being called to the fact that most of the prominent men in this city, in every walk in life, were born and bred in the country. Indeed, New York city might almost be defined as a huge caravansary in which innumeraale country boys abide while they are making their fortunes. The same is true of other cities. It is said, for instance, that nine-tenths of the clergymen of Louisville, Ky., came from rural homes. All the judges; all the leading lawyers; all the well-known journalists, nearly all the bank presidents, physicians and prominent merchants and manufacturers of that city were country boys."

A celebrated physician has remarked that every house ought to be pulled down at the end of the sixtieth year, as it has by that time absorbed all the diseases of those who have lived in it, believing that wood and plaster absorb gases, foul air and feverish exhalations as readily as milk or water does. But as it is not practicable to tear down houses every half century or so, it is to be considered if all the wood used in their interior construction and all the plain surfaces of plaster should not be so thoroughly oiled or varnished that the power of absorption should be almost entirely destroyed, and the character thus so changed that destruction would no longer be desirable.

George S. Rogers is one of the oldest pensioners in the United States, and is also one of the oldest Methodist ministers. He was born in Farquar County, Virginia, in 1793, and while very young went with his relatives to Kentucky, where he lived when the war of 1812 broke out. He at once volunteered and went into the ranks of Captain V. S. Grayson's company in a Kentucky regiment. He served through the war without being wounded, and then returned to Kentucky, where he has since lived. More than a half century ago he was ordained a minister of the Methodist Church, and until a few years since he preached to the people of his congregations in several small towns of the State. Of late he had spent most of his time in Shelbyville and Brooks' Station, Bullitt County. He has been on the pension roll for a long time, having been allowed the service pension allowed to old soldiers of the second war with Great Britain, and until recently went in person to draw his pay from the Louisville office. He still reads and writes without the aid of spectacles, though he is compelled to wear them when walking.

The man who wrote a letter in the New York *Sun* a few days ago, asking everybody in the country to send him one cent in order that he may thus acquire a fortune of half a million dollars, recalls to that paper an incident in the life of the original John Jacob Astor, millionaire. A ragged beggar called upon Mr. Astor one day at his office in Prince street and asked for alms. Mr. Astor refused to give him anything. The beggar persisted in his appeal; the millionaire was firm in his refusal. The beggar became pertinacious, and spoke of his hunger as he stood in his rags. Mr. Astor appeared to be unmoved. Finally the beggar, in turning to leave the office, put in what he regarded as a clincher by saying: "Remember, Mr. Astor, that though you are a millionaire and I am a beggar, you are driving out a brother, for we are brothers all the same, as children of Adam and the Almighty." "Ay! ay! Hold a minute," cried Mr. Astor, as he pricked up his ears, put his hand in his pocket, and took out a cent. "That is so; we are all brothers. Now, my brother, I give you this cent, and if you get all your other brothers and sisters to give you as much you will be a richer man than I am." The beggar slowly departed with the money in his palm and a thought in his head. Mr. Astor had told the truth, though his millions numbered over twelve at the time.

CALMLY TO SLEEP.

We lay us calmly down to sleep
When friendly night is come, and leave
To God the rest;
Whether we wake to smile or weep,
Or wake no more on Time's fair shore,
He knoweth best.

So sinks the sun in western skies
When day is done and twilight dim
Comes silent on;
So fades the world's most luring prize
On eyes that close in deep repose
Till wakes the dawn.

Why vex our soul with wearing care?
Why shun the grave for aching head
So cool and low?
Have we found life so passing fair,
So grand to be, so sweet that we
Should dread to go?

Some other hand the task can take,
If so it seemeth best, the task
By us begun;
No work for which we need to wake,
In joy or grief, for life so brief,
Beneath the sun.

—*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

THE WORK OF GHOULS.

There is one crime which stands out in the minds of the masses above all others on the calendar—even above cold-blooded murder. That is the crime of grave robbing. The average jury will acquit a prisoner of almost anything else, under one plea or another, but the grave robber can make no plea nor find an excuse. The man who disturbs our dead will ever be considered a ghoul, and the public will cry out for revenge against him.

Some years ago, when I was in active detective service in one of the Middle States, a certain locality became infested with body snatchers. It was a large, populous county, having many deaths and a score of cemeteries, and before any well-organized plan to capture the scoundrels had been conceived, they had robbed upward of a score of graves. The detection of such plunderers would seem to be a very easy matter. One would argue that nothing more would be needed than to set a watch on a certain cemetery, or on two or three of them, and that the fellows must certainly be bagged. Although they are nearly always men of the lower walks of life, they are by no means deficient in native shrewdness. They know what detection signifies, and they take more precautions than a housebreaker.

The local detective talent had exhausted itself without result, and when I received charge of the whole matter I soon realized that I had a sharp lot of rascals to deal with. They had stolen bodies from cemeteries carefully watched, and they had shipped them from stations in all sorts of disguises. Every body was going direct to medical colleges within a radius of 100 miles, and it was evident that the officers of those institutions stood in, and would throw every obstacle in my way.

The sheriff of the county gave me the services of ten deputies as a starter, and after I had made the circuit of the county and noted every burial place, I posted the men, two at a place. In each instance they were to watch all night, and they were in no case to inform the public of the nature of their work. With the six men posted in three different villages, I had the poorest luck. Almost the first move they made was to give themselves away, and I presently learned that not one of them dared enter a graveyard after dark. They had contented themselves with skirmishing around, and during the first two weeks of their watch, bodies were stolen from each graveyard. The four other deputies were on guard at cemeteries in large towns, and they kept their trusts so faithfully, that the ghouls were held at a distance. For my part, I had a cemetery in a city of 15,000 people. It had suffered more than any of the others, and I believed the town to be the headquarters of the gang. I had to reveal my identity and my purpose to the trustees and the superintendent, as a matter of course, and they were astounded at the idea of my watching alone. There had been a watch, composed of the gravedigger, two constables and two policemen, but they had hung together, and graves had been opened almost under their noses.

At the hotel where I boarded I gave out that I was a night telegraph operator. This accounted for my being absent at night and sleeping daytimes. I entered the cemetery only after dark, and always left it in the gray of morning. I located all graves under six weeks old, and kept track of every new one made, and after a couple of nights I felt quite at home in the city of the dead. I don't pretend to say I didn't feel a bit pokish, and that now and then the vision of a white headstone through the pines did not give me a sudden start, but I was there on duty, and for an object, and pride would have kept me there though a ghost had challenged me at every turn. It was now the middle of October, with a great deal of rain and high winds, and I look back upon those long nights and shudder. I was armed with a double-barreled shotgun and a revolver, and carried a dark lantern and three pairs of handcuffs. My instructions were to capture or kill, and I knew that the body snatchers went by twos and threes.

Each night, from an hour after dark to the breaking of day, I was on the move through the cemetery, getting many alarms, but developing nothing until the sixth night. While I had been watching this place bodies had been stolen at almost every other place in the county, and I hung on because I believed the ghouls would soon make a change. On the sixth day the body of a suicide was buried. He was a fine, large man, who had sent a bullet into his brains, and, being a stranger, had been buried at the expense of the city. It was quite likely that the ghouls had a spotter, and very probable that they would seek to snatch this body. On that sixth night I posted myself behind a monument, just across one of the cemetry streets from the new grave, and for five hours I did not move a foot. I had calculated where the robbers would come in, and I felt so sure they would come that I was not surprised when midnight brought them. They perhaps mistrusted that the cemetery was watched, for they came along as softly as Indians. They were three in number. There was a patter of rain on the fallen leaves, with occasional gusts of wind harassing the trees, and I neither saw nor heard them until they were close upon me. The grave had been located to a certainty by one of the number, and they lost no time in getting to work. One disappeared to the right, and the other to the left to act as sentinels, while the third pulled off his coat and began work with a shovel. The manner in which he worked proved him a professional. He went down to the coffin like a rabbit digging a burrow in sandy soil. He did not open the full length of the grave, thereby having all the dirt to throw out, but dug down to the head of the box, and I plainly heard the hollow sound as his shovel struck it. He then threw away the shovel for a crowbar, and in two or three minutes had split open both box and coffin. It seemed to me that the man must be a savage as I heard the wood splitting and breaking, and so great was my indignation that I could hardly prevent myself from leaving my post.

I was there to capture not one, but all, and yet I did not intend to betray myself even when they had secured the body. The man came out of the grave and uttered a low whistle, and in a minute was joined by the other two. He had affixed a rope to the neck of the corpse, and the three now took hold and drew the body from the coffin and out of the hole. A sack had been brought along, and the cadaver was put into this and tied up. The shoveler started to fill in the grave, but after he worked a minute one of the others observed:

"Oh, let that go! He is only a pauper, and no one will care whether he is in or out."

Thereupon two of them seized the body, the third gathered up the tools, and as they moved away I followed them. A horse and wagon were waiting outside the fence, and as soon as the body was dumped into the vehicle a lot of oats in a bundle, which had been brought along for the purpose, were thrown in on top. When the wagon moved off only one man accompanied it. The others went in different ways, to meet again at some rendezvous, and I followed after one of them. He went straight for the town, never once looking back or suspecting that he might be shadowed. Day was just breaking as I saw him enter an old tannery on the outskirts of the town, and I knew that the wagon and the other men would soon show up at the same place.

An hour later I was at the place with a detachment of police, and we made a wonderful haul. Four wagons had come in from different parts of the county, three of them bringing one subject each, and the fourth having two. The five corpses were not only there in their sacks, but we captured seven men whose work was not yet finished. They had the bodies to ship away, and were making ready to box them up. The boxes were there and marked, and the ghastly contents were to go away by express as a patent preservative of eggs. We did not secure the men without a fight, and in the melee a policeman was wounded and one of the ghouls killed. When they had been taken to jail I sized the crowd up and selected one man who I believed could be induced to peach. He was ready enough to give the whole thing away, in order to save himself, and the story he told and the proofs he furnished revealed a horrible state of affairs in that community. There was an organization numbering fifteen men who made body-snatching almost their sole business. The agent of the express company got so much per head for every box shipped from his office. The messenger on the road also received his per capita. The head man was a livery stable keeper, and the others were bummers and loafers, most of whom had done time in prison.

By patient work and persevering effort I got the whole lot behind the bars, and then at least half of them were ready to turn State's evidence. They had been at work for upward of two years, and received the fixed price of $25 for every body delivered at the express office. If there were earrings or finger rings or gold filling, the find belonged to those who secured the body. For a long time great pains were taken to fill in the graves and obliterate all traces of their work, but they finally became so bold that the desecrated graves were left open and few precautions observed. In the two years this organization had robbed over 200 graves. The arrests and trials created intense excitement, and one of the results was that almost every grave in the country under three years old was opened by friends of the deceased. A large number of them were found empty. In some cases costly monuments had been erected at the head of graves holding only empty coffins. Only the one participant was permitted to turn State's evidence, and he was very free to talk with me concerning his horrible vocation.

"It may be against the law," he calmly said to me, "but it seems a pity to waste so much material. When a subject will bring $25 in cash what's the use of letting him waste away in the ground? Yes, people have feelings about it, but if people don't know that the grave is empty they are just as well off, and we are a great deal better. You call it a horrible trade. Well, it struck me that way the first time I handled a subject, but I soon got over it. It don't do to have too much feeling in business matters."

I learned from him that the organization knew that all the cemeteries and graveyards were being watched, but it made little difference with their work.

"It is easy enough to frighten a watchman away," he added, "and I'm certain that none of the men under you have hindered us at all. Me and my gang went over to the graveyard at Blankville for the corpse of a young man. We found that you had two men on the watch. They were not in the burial ground, but roosting on the fence, and when I put a sheet around me and suddenly showed up they took to their heels in a way to make you laugh. We got our subject, left the grave open, and your men filled it in by daylight rather than have it known we had been there."

"Did you ever take a body except at night?" I asked him.

"Yes, several. Saturday afternoon is the very best time to work a village graveyard, if it is rightly situated. Then everybody is busy, teams are passing along the roads, and no one observes you too closely. It is but seldom that a funeral is held on Saturday afternoon. They either bury on Friday or wait until Sunday. No one goes to the graveyard on that day, and three good men can get in their work and feel pretty safe about it. One of the bodies shipped off last week was got of a Saturday afternoon in Brownsville. That's a village twenty-four miles away. It was a bit exciting, the getting of that body. It was that of a woman who had died of cancer of the throat, and we had been keeping track of her case for a whole year. We meant to have her when she went, and she was buried on Friday and we got there Saturday after dinner. We had a lot of new hay to throw over the sack, and we drove through the town as bold as you please. There were three of us, and while two stood watch I flung the dirt out and split the coffin open. Just then there came an alarm. A chap, who turned out to be a brother of the dead woman's, was entering the graveyard by the gate. We were badly rattled, and my two comrades bolted across lots. I plucked up courage after a minute, and, going down to meet the fellow, I asked who he was and what he wanted there. He had come, he said, to look at the lot and measure it for a fence. Then I put on that I was the gravedigger, and that no one could come in under the new rule of the trustees without a permit, and when he began to bluff at me I hauled off and knocked him in a heap. He went away as mad as a hornet, but I knew he wouldn't return for an hour, and long enough before that time we had the body out and the grave filled up. I exchanged hats and coats with one of the men, and then drove the wagon right back through the town.

"I had the sack well covered with hay, but you must know that a man with such a load as that behind him can't be exactly easy in his mind. I had got beyond the town, when a couple of men came riding after me. One was the Sheriff himself, and he at once put me under arrest. It seemed that a rig of the sort had been stolen from a farmer a few miles away the night before, and the Sheriff had got track of my outfit, and was sure it was the one. Nothing I could say had any effect on him, and I had to turn around and drive back to town and the jail. They were about to lock me up and take the rig to a stable, when the farmer happened to come up. It was not his outfit, of course, and within five minute the Sheriff was apologizing to me; but it was such a close call that my heart did not get back to its regular beating for two hours. While the rig stood in front of the jail a dozen men surrounded it, and several of them pulled off handfuls of the hay. Had they discovered the sack and its contents nothing could have saved me from going up to a limb.—*New York Sun.*

A New York Swell's Apartments.

He had three rooms, and the principal one, very much to my surprise, was used as a dressing-room, writes the New York correspondent of the *Argonaut*. Mr. Bellamy sat in the middle of it, more or less enveloped in the bath-gowns, blankets and rugs. Along the wall, on one side of the room, were two long brass shelves. They were about the height of a man's head from the floor. On these shelves stood about twenty pairs of boots of every conceivable design, from heavily built alligator-skin winter brogans to the lighest of dancing-pumps. There were slippers of half-a-dozen different shades, and beneath the lower shelf was an ebony stand piled half a foot high with over-gaiters. They were white duck, mauve, brown, moose-skin, blue, black, checked, and every other design known to the boot maker. From the chandelier, in the middle of the room, there hung a huge and massive brass ring. It was about four feet in circumference, and was held in a horizontal position by brass chains from above. Over this ring were hung at least two hundred neckties of various designs. It was a remarkable exhibit of neckwear. The whole of the western side of the room was taken up with a wardrobe with glass doors—really an exact copy of a harness-case in the average stable. In it hung the harness of the man of fashion. Every coat and waistcoat was on its own wire form, and in one corner there a was series of presses that looked like young cider-mills or amateur cotton-gins. The machines consisted of two polished and well-ribbed black walnut boards, forced together, and held in place with a screw and a lever. Between these boards were pressed some dozens of pairs of trousers. There were mirrors of all kinds around the room, a linen closet, an enormous chest of drawers, a rack of canes, and a sort of a show case for hats.

"What do you think of it?" asked Mr. Bellamy radiantly, after he had exhibited all these details.

I told him it was the most completely furnished apartment of the kind I had ever seen.

"And it's so lovely and big, you know," said Mr. Bellamy genially. "I cawnt—I literally cawnt dress anywhere else, now-a-days, since I've got accustomed to it."

A Scene in Borneo.

Had I to introduce my readers to the most un-European scene I know of, I think I should ask him to take a seat with me in a native canoe and paddle up the graceful windings of the Meimbun river. At its mouth the huts, built on seaweed-covered piles, form each a separate island. The floors are raised a bare threet feet above the level of the water, and one needs not better evidence of the fact that here at least we are in stormless seas. On the palm-stem platforms in front of the entrance the natives squat, while around are playing half a dozen naked little Cupids, now plunging into the water, now paddling races in miniature canoes. A little further and we enter the river, whose water is so clear and pure and bright that one longs to tumble in, clothes and all. Close to the bank lies the market place, a picturesque jumble of ponies, ripe bananas, red sarongs, palm leaf stalls, and flashing spears. Beyond, the seagoing praus are hauled up on shore, their unwieldy sterns a mass of quaint carving. Then through a tiny reach bordered by the Nipa palm, whose graceful fronds, thirty or forty feet in length, spring directly from the stream, and we find ourselves in a sort of upper town, where the houses are built with seeming indifference either in or out of the water. The place is the absolute perfection of beauty and untidiness. Overhead the eye rests on a wealth of verdure—bamboo, banana, durian, jackfruit, and the arrowy betel palm, with its golden egglike nuts. In these happy climes man's needs grow at his very door. Cold and hunger, misery and want, are words without a meaning. Civilization is far off indeed, and for the moment, at least, we have no desire for it.—*Cruise of the Marchesa.*

Counting Apple Seeds.

The following rhyme, long in use in New England, has followed the eating of many an apple, and afforded much pleasure to youthful hearts in trying to decide their fate in love. The name of some person having been chosen, the fortune of the counter is decided according to the number of seeds, as follows:

One, I love,
Two, I love,
Three, I love, I say;
Four, I love with all my heart,
And five I cast away;
Six, he loves,
Seven, she loves,
Eight, they both love;
Nine, he comes,
Ten, he tarries;
Eleven, he courts,
Twelve, he marries;
Thirteen, wishes,
Fourteen, kisses,
All the rest little witches.

—*Boston Herald.*

BUDGET OF FUN.

RUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

He Had Changed His Mind—Negotiating for a Dog—A Change of Fortune—The Unmaking of Him.

Esmeralda Longecoffin to Hostetter McGinnis—"Are you still mad at me, Mr McGinnis?"

McGinnis—"What about?"

Esmeralda—"You know on Christmas you proposed and I cruelly rejected your offer. I have—I have thought better of it since."

McGinnis—Humph! So have I."—*Siftings.*

Negotiating for a Dog.

Robinson—"That's a fine dog you have, Dumley. Do you want to sell him?"

Dumley—"I'll sell him for $50."

Robinson—"Is he intelligent?"

Dumley (with emphasis)—"Intelligent! Why that dog knows as much as I do."

Robinson—"You don't say so! Well, I'll give you twenty-five cents for him, Dumley."—*New York Sun.*

A Change of Fortune.

"Do you see that man sawing wood over there?"

"Yes. What about him?"

"He wasn't always doing such work as that."

"Has a history, eh? What did he formerly do?"

"Why, when I saw him last he was splitting wood."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

The Unmaking of Him.

Omaha Man (on railroad train)—No, I am not travelling on business exactly. I am going East after my son. He is in a college there and was hurt recently in a game of football. I shall take him out. I don't believe in these Eastern colleges anyhow—all play and no work.

Stranger—Well, I do. I am a college graduate and I owe my present success to my collegiate training. I just tell you, football toughens a man up wonderfully. The knocking around I got in college was the making of me.

"Humph! What business are you in?"

"I am a book agent."—*Omaha World.*

No Time for an Argument.

It was on a Central Hudson train, bound north, and he had been delivering a learned disquisition upon the political and financial outlook to a passenger in the seat ahead.

"My friend," he concluded, "what is your opinion of Government bonds?"

Just then the whistle sounded for Sing Sing, and his friend replied:

"I don't think much of 'em," displaying a pair of handcuffed wrists, "but I'll have to say good-by, sir. This is my station."—*New York Sun.*

How Katie's Father Said Grace.

A South End little girl was taking supper with a playmate a few evenings ago. After the pater-familias had "said grace" with due solemnity, the little hostess turned to her guest, and asked:

"Does your papa say grace at supper, Katie?"

"No," replied Katie with a charming candor, "but he says something else."

This answer of course aroused the interest of the elder persons. "What does he say?" was asked the little visitor."

"Good heavens, what a supper?" was the sweetly calm response.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

So Sudden.

It is said that a genius has invented what is called an electrical lounge. The lounge is connected by wire with the parental bedroom. At ten fifteen, prompt, the cruel father touches a knob in his room and the seat of the lounge flies up and spills its occupants upon the floor. We can imagine a youth in the act of proposing when the knob is touched. He is saying:

"Oh, Jennie I love you more than tongue can tell. Will you be mine? My own, my very own? Will you——"

Just then, presto! change! up flies the seat of the lounge and the pair are sent spinning across the floor. How natural it would be for the young lady to say then:

'Oh, George, this is so sudden."—*Boston Courier.*

Excusing a Juror.

The following was perpetrated by a judge of one of our higher local courts, now off the bench, but whose identity will be instantly discovered by many lawyers without mentioning his name. On the first Monday of a term many jurors were as usual in line before him to present reasons for being excused from service. Among them was a very dirty, unkempt, shaggy-bearded man, who, despite the efforts of the attendants to restrain him insisted on advancing to the judge's desk and speaking privately with him. The judge, noticing his importunity, signified his willingness to allow the talesman to approach and then said to him somewhat sternly: "Well, sir; what is it?" The man leaned over the bench until his lips almost touched the judge's ear and then whispered:

"I've got the itch."

The crowded court-room was watching the result with curiosity. "Mr. Clerk," said the judge instantly, without the slightest change of expression, and in a voice painfully loud and distinct: "Mr. Clerk, he's got the itch. Scratch him."—*New York Tribune.*

John Tarbox's Teeth.

Look at the Maine individual over there in the red flannel shirt which is not even on speaking terms with soap. You might not think from casual observation that he had any peculiarity whatever, but the other day he came down with a terrible toothache—an ache that reared, and kicked, and "bucked," all within thirty seconds, till the world ceased to have any attraction for the man who was entertaining it. Well, he couldn't stand it any longer, and started post haste for a dentist in a neighboring town.

The proprietor of a hardware store in close proximity to this dentist was standing in the door of his store that afternoon, when he heard the most earsplitting shriek proceeding from the office of the man of teeth. He had become accustomed to moans and subdued exclamations from that quarter, but never had heard such bellowings as now pierced the air. His curiosity was so thoroughly aroused that a little later on he walked into the dentist's office, and said: "Whom have you been butchering over here? I never heard such a yell in my life."

"Oh," replied the extractor of molars, "that was old John Tarbox, from T——. He had a tooth out."

"Had a tooth out!" replied the visitor, "well, I should think so, and it must have come mighty hard to fetch such a——ar as that."

"——h, dear no," said the dentist; "he didn't make that noise when I pulled the tooth. It was afterward."

"Afterward?"

"Why, yes," was the reply. "The tooth came easily enough. The time when he fetched that cry of agony was when I charged him fifty cents for doing the job."—*Lewiston Journal.*

"No Man's Land."

A Washington correspondent writes to the New York *Herald*, as follows: There is a tract of land lying south of Kansas and Colorado, and between the Indian Territory and New Mexico, which has been known for many years as "No Man's Land." It has this name because by errors in surveys, by exclusions in acts of Congress, fixing boundaries and general neglect and inadvertence it lies outside of any organized State or Territory of the United States. It is really a "No Man's Land," for no courts have jurisdiction within its bounds; no laws extend over or apply to it; its lands cannot be owned, because Congress has not authorized their sale. "No Man's Land" is simply a spot on the map.

A tolerably large spot, for it contains 3,687,360 acres, being 167 miles long by 34½ wide. It is fertile, well watered, has valuable deposits of coal, a fine climate, and, being almost all good land, a government report says that it has the raw material for 23,000 farms of 160 acres each.

It was for years a huge cattle run. It contains at present 10,000 American farmers, who have sent one of their number, Mr. O. G. Chase, here to ask Congress in their name to give them a Territorial government, with the laws and protection of the flag which they are so totally and singularly without. They have agreed to call their Territory Cimarron, from its principal river, and if Congress is as kind to them as their good conduct deserves the present winter will see established the Territory of Cimarron.

These ten thousand Americans went into No Man's Land, knowing that the land they settled on and cultivated they could get no legal title to unless Congress would act for their protection; knowing that no crime, not even murder, committed in No Man's Land could be punished, because no courts, no law officers, no laws, took cognizance of what was done in No Man's Land. They had no authority to form a government; no power to levy taxes for the simplest or most necessary purposes; no power to make laws which any inhabitant need obey. Chads was their enforced condition.

Yet these ten thousand have founded towns, built schoolhouses and churches, and are supporting them. They have made the few simple regulations required to maintain peace and order and "the general consent." The good sense and Christian spirit which animates Americans have enabled them to found a commonwealth which continues to exist only by the general sufferance, but which now appeals, and ought not to appeal in vain, to Congress to give it the shelter of United States laws.

The Sacred Bo Tree Shattered.

A letter from Ceylon says that the sacred Bo tree of Anuradhapura, the most ancient and authentic relic of Gautama, and probably the most aged tree in the world, has been shattered in a storm. The district of Anuradhapura suffered the past year, as it frequently does, from a continuous drought of eight months. October 4 the inhabitants were bidden by beat of tom-tom to assemble at the Bo tree and pray for rain. The same night, apparently before the invocation, the storm broke with violent wind, lightning, thunder and rain. The main branch of the sacred tree was severed, leaving only a stem of four feet. Whenever a part of the Bo tree dies it receives last rites similar to those paid to kings and priests, the most honored of mankind—it is cremated. This ceremony took place with full honors October 6. Early in the morning two men called kapuwas (cutters), arrayed in suits of black, arrived at the tree. They covered up their mouths with black handkerchiefs, tying the ends at the back of their heads, and with a small crosscut saw divided the broken branch. Two tom-tom beaters supplied the music. The branch was sawn into convenient pieces and loaded in a cart prepared for the purpose with white cloth ceiling, etc. Thus was it borne in perahera (solemn procession) to the Thuparama Dagoba, where the cremation of the local chief priests is wont to be held. The ashes were reverently carried to the tank of Tisawena, hard by, and there dissolved. The remnant of the tree now received its appropriate treatment. Women bore water for the bathing of the bleeding trunk, and on the following night the Pirit service, for the exorcism of evil spirits, was solemnly performed at the time-honored site, where the remaining stem, though probably unsightly now, will in time flourish with all the vitality of the Ficus religiosa.

A Wonderful Horned Hen.

Walter Lewellin, of Durham, N. C., has the greatest curiosity of the county in the shape of a Dominique hen, which possesses on each side of the head a horn, curled up like a ram's. A few days ago the hen, which weighs 230 pounds, attacked a valuable horse and gored it so terribly that the animal had to be killed. It has also caused the death of a number of calves and pigs in the same manner. It laughs very naturally and merrily when it gets a pig into a tight place and commences to maul it, but is kind to children and delights in trotting them off to school on its back. This information we get principally from a Philadelphia paper, which makes mention of the hen and her horns. We have taken the liberty, however, to interpolate a statement or two which the paper either accidentally overlooked or for some other reason neglected to mention. In referring to such matters it is always best to let the reading public have the whole truth and not simply a brief and garbled statement, which may be productive of misleading inferences.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

The President's Staff.

The President is allowed the following named corps of assistants: A private secretary at a salary of $3,250; an assistant private secretary at $2,250; a stenographer at $1,800; five messengers at $1,200 each; a steward; two doorkeepers at $1,200 each; two ushers at $1,400 and $1,200 respectively; a night usher at $1,200; a watchman at $900; telegraph operators and minor clerks. Then he has for incidental expenses, $8,000; for White House repairs, carpets, etc., $12,500; fuel, $2,500; a greenhouse, $1,000; gas, matches, livery, $15,000.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Evil-doers try to get others to do evil; they do not like to be alone.

Those who would be kept from harm should keep out of harm's way.

Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain of the hand.

There are those who never reason on what they should do, but on what they have done.

He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.

Better to be despised for too anxious apprehensions, than ruined by too confident a security.

Even reckoning makes lasting friends and the way to make reckonings even is to make them often.

The first duty of a wise advocate is to convince his opponents that he understands their arguments and sympathizes with their feelings.

A good souled child is a fortress of strength between its parents and sin. The barest stump is beautiful when overrun by the honeysuckle.

Be cheerful, and seek not external help, nor give the tranquility which others give. A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.

He who longs after good precepts is quickened in his imagination and strengthened in his expression. The vine which grows in the sun is the fullest of sap and sweetest of fruit.

Self-Murder by Explosions.

The suicide of the Anarchist Lingg, by means of a detonator exploded in his mouth, is not the first self-murder of its kind. Thus, in 1876, a native of Alsace put a dynamite cartridge into his mouth and fired it, with the result of blowing his head and the upper part of his body to pieces. In June the same year, at Wickham Market, in Suffolk, a woman named Solomon, the wife of an oil merchant, purchased a quantity of gunpower, and having made a circle of it and placed herself in the midst she fired the powder. The experiment was unsuccessful; only slight injuries were inflicted on the woman. Thereupon she went to an outhouse, and putting a quantity of gunpowder into a pail, placed herself over the bucket and applied a match. On this occasion her injuries were more severe, but for her purpose the explosion was again a failure, and so she hacked at her throat with a knife. She was found in a most lamentable condition, and died next day.

At Nitshill, in Scotland, in October of the same year, a miner named Duncan obtained some dynamite and blasting fuse and went into the street, where he placed the dynamite on the ground, leaned over it and lighted the fuse. At this moment some boys, attracted by his unusual attitude, came toward him. "Keep back," shouted Duncan, "for the love of God, or you will be blown into eternity!" The boys stood aloof; in a few moments there was a loud explosion and Duncan was blown to atoms. In September, 1881, a miner at Runcorn filled his mouth with gunpowder, ignited it with a match and succeeded in blowing the top of his head off. An almost identical instance occurred in 1883 at Canterbury, when a waiter named Simmons destroyed himself by exploding a quantity of gunpowder in his mouth.

A more elaborate application of explosives to the purposes of suicide and murder combined was recorded the same year. At Dunedin, New Zealand, a clerk named Stephenson, who had been separated from his wife for some time on account of drunkenness, met her in the street, and exploded a dynamite cartridge close to her head, his own head being placed at the same moment very near to hers. Both were almost completely blown off.

In the year 1884 three suicides of this sort were recorded. One was committed in June, at Munich, by a soldier of the Bavarian Field Artillery, who had misconducted himself and wished to avoid punishment. He loaded a cannon with some gunpowder and pieces of iron, and, placing himself in front of it, fired it. Another case occurred in the Bois de Boulogne the same month, when a man blew himself to pieces by exploding an iron box capable of containing about ten pounds of gunpowder. But the most remarkable case occurred on the West Coast of Africa. The King of Falaba being attacked by a Mohammedan force, and finding resistence impossible, he assembled his family and principal officers, and after addressing them and intimating his determination never to accept Mohammedanism, and inviting those who did not agree with him to go away, he applied a match to a large quantity of gunpowder collected for the purpose, and blew the palace and all who were in it to pieces.—*St. James's Gazette.*

Costly Dinners.

The fees demanded by eminent New York lawyers are seldom small. A prominent lawyer relates that in a matter of litigation he recently called in the services of a distinguished Wall street attorney, whose career in public life has given him great prominence. The affair terminated in a settlement outside of the court, pending which some dinners were given, at which the principals and their attorneys came together. When the banker asked for his bill from the attorney the figures were $15,000. It struck the man of money that this was a trifle high, and he asked for an itemized account. The itemized bill read as follows:

To retainer	$5,000
To attendance on five dinners at Delmonico's, $2,000 each	10,000
Total	$15,000

The banker is not likely to invite lawyers to dinner hereafter.

Great Peaks Still Left to Climb.

Although Dr. Meyer has succeeded in making the ascent of Kibo, the highest peak on the Kilima-Njaro range, there is no occasion for any noted Alpine climber to sit down and weep because there are no other mountains to conquer. The Alps, the Andes, Mt. Cook in New Zealand and Kilima-Njaro are all giants, certainly, but they are dwarfed by some of the Thibetan mountains. Mr. Graham ascended one or two of these a few years ago, but he failed to reach the top of the Kinchinjunga, which is 8,000 feet higher than Kibo, and Mt. Everest, the highest peak in the world, is still virgin soil. In the Himalayan range there are more than fifty peaks that rise to a greater altitude than Kilima-Njaro, which Dr. Meyer estimates close upon 20,000 feet. The Alpine clubs should establish branches in Central Asia.—*St. James's Gazette.*

THE SLUMBER SONG.

"Hush-a-by, baby, hush-a-by."
At bowered casement she rocking sways,
Tenderly hushing her baby to rest,
Its fair head pillowed upon her breast;
Down sinks the sun in a ruddy haze.

"Hush-a-by, baby, hush-a-by."

"Hush-a-by, baby, hush-a-by."
Swiftly the purpling shadows creep,
The call of a lonely night bird rings,
And softly the mother rocks and sings,
As baby lashes are dropped in sleep.
"Hush-a-by, baby, hush-a-by."

"Hush-a-by, baby, hush-a-by."
Ah, never more will that low refrain
In cadence sweet to my hearing creep,
For singer and babe are both asleep,
And know, in sleeping, nor joy nor pain;
But e'er as the evening shades grow deep
(Ah, hearts may ache and the eyes not weep
The empty rocker I note with pain,
And long for that slumber a sig again.
"Hush-a-by, baby, hush-a-by."

—*Mary C. Huntington, in Good Housekeeping.*

PITH AND POINT.

Eavesdroppers—Icicles.

Current evens—Whirlpools.

Even a doctor who speaks only one language may yet understand a great many tongues.—*Goodall's Sun.*

How to make a Japanese fan. But you don't have to make a Japanese fan. He fans all the time, anyhow.—*Siftings.*

Smith—"Brown is a mere bag of wind." Jones—"How can he be anything else? His wife is always blowing him up."

He (desirable catch)—"How slender Miss Willoughby is!" She—"Yes, and they say her mother was just like her once. She weighs 240 now."—*Life.*

It is popularly supposed that corporations have no souls, but this cannot apply in the case of a corporation that manufactures shoes.—*Rochester Post Express.*

Cashiers, from medical report,
Are seldom very strong;
Their longest ages are but short—
Their short ages are long.
—*Tid-Bits.*

"How are collections to-day?" asked a man of a bill collector yesterday. "Slow, very slow; can't even collect my thoughts," was the reply.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

When lovely woman stoods to folly
And buys a remnant strip of braid,
What charms can soothe her melancholy
On learning she can't match the shade.
—*New York Graphic.*

"I shouldn't care to marry a woman who knows more than I do," he remarked. "Oh, Mr. De Sappy," she replied, with a coquettish shake of her fan, "I am afraid you are a confirmed bachelor."—*Epoch.*

Policeman—"Here, what are you making all that noise through the streets for?" Fish Peddler—"I ain't making it through the streets. I'm making it through this 'ere horn. Fresh fish! tra—la—la—fresh fish!—*Texas Siftings.*

"You seem to be enjoying yourself, Bobby," remarked one of the guests at a dinner party. "Yes," assented Bobby, with his mouth full, "I am makin' the most of it, 'cause after pa an' ma give a big dinner like this, it's always cold pickin' for the next thirty days.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Scenes in Japan.

We had boatmen take us over the water, skirting the shores and touching at all the little moss-covered temples that are dotted along the shores. There were no priests, no signs of life or occupancy at any of the little temples, but from the curious way in which one boatman was told off to watch us it was not intended that the shrines should suffer any loss or desecration, nor their altars be despoiled of one of the scores of little black wooden images with which they were decorated. From the water Chuizenji village appears as a small yellow spot between the unbroken slopes of Nautasian and the great lake. Its fine tea-houses rise straight from the water's edge, each with a triple row of outer galleries looking out upon the beautiful view. Tsutaya, Idzumiya and Nakamarya are the names of three of these pretty inns, and life in them is much more Japanese than at the much-frequented inns at Nickko. We have chairs and t

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1888.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem N.C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

—FOR 1888.—

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Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the PRESS more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

Salem, N. C., Jan. 6, 1888.

—With the end of the year the PEOPLE'S PRESS closed its thirty fifth volume. We would urge our delinquent subscribers to settle up without delay as we need money to carry on the business.

—Gas has been struck at a depth of 1,450 feet in the Seneca Falls (New York) well.

Earthquake shocks were felt on the 12th instant, in this State and further south. No damage.

—Eight persons were killed and 52 injured by a railroad accident at Haverhill, Mass., on the 12th inst.

—August Shields, of Hunt county, Texas, is seven feet ten inches tall and is still growing.

—We are glad to learn from a letter of the Governor's Private Secretary, that Gov. Scales health is not failing. A severe cold, brought on by the damp condition of the Capitol, is what is the matter, nothing serious.

The contested election case between Thoebe and Carlisle, was decided in favor of Carlisle. Mr. Carlisle is reported as quite sick

Peterson's Magazine for February is before us varied and interesting as ever, and we could hardly bestow higher praise. There is never any falling off in this favorite periodical, no show numbers, and no unfulfilled promises.

The following nominations were confirmed in the United States Senate. L. Q. C. Lamar, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court; Wm. F. Vilas, to be Secretary of Interior; Don. M. Dickinson to be Postmaster General and E. S. Bragg to be Minister to Mexico. Senators Riddleberger, Stewart and Sandford voted with the Democrats for Mr. Lamar. All the others voted or were paired on party lines.

GREAT DESTRUCTION OF LIFE

The most terrible blizzard known for years has swept over the Northwest. The dispatches from St. Paul Minn., state that at sunrise on the 11th inst., the weather was lovely. The wind was from the South, warm and balmy. Farmers took advantage of the beautiful weather to go to town, draw wood, hay, &c. At noon a cloud stretched along the north-western horizon, lying close to the horizon, stretching from west to north in a dark semi-circle. Little attention was paid to it, but in an hour the cloud had swept over the country, snow was falling fast and a gale was sweeping from the north-west with terrible fury. The mercury fell by 5. p. m. to 15 below zero, and next morning 30 degrees below. On the prairie an object 40 feet distant could not be seen. The air was full of snow, making it dark and dismal. Nearly all the railroads were blocked, and telegraph wires were down, and it was Saturday before any news was known of the awful results of the storm. Heroic deeds by brave men and women are told: Miss Cannell a little school teacher, with two children, coming home was caught, and wrapping up the children, walked all night, and were found alive, but badly frozen—A Miss Curtis was frozen to death on her way home from school. Near Sioux Falls a man was found dead standing near his barn, another man a mile from town, found alive in a snow drift, between his horses. Numerous other distressing cases are told, all of a similar nature. The deaths as far as heard from amount to near two hundred. In Kansas there is distress from cold and want of food among men and cattle, greater than ever before. Arkansas and Texas have felt the blizzard.

The Farmers' Convention.

GREENSBORO, Jan. 12.—Rarely, indeed, does a more sensible looking body of mem assemble than in the convention of farmers which has been in session here since yesterday. One striking feature in this gathering is that very few young men are among them. More gray heads are to be seen in this assemblage than is generally found in a body numbering the same. It appears to be the fathers leading this movement, which is altogether commendable. Last night very fine music was furnished by a good string band of the city in honor of the convention. The tobacco association to-day furnished vehicles to all those of the convention who desired to ride over town. Thus Greensboro has thrown her gates wide open to the farmers and bids them welcome.

When President Carr sounded the gavel at 9:30 o'clock this morning fully 250 earnest, hard-working farmers in their seats signified their readiness to proceed to business. Everything moved with a rush.

Gen. R. Barringer submitted a report of the Committee on Industria-Education, which was adopted.

A report was also submitted on the working of public roads, and a mixed system of taxation and labor, and recommended the following resolutions, which were adopted:

WHEREAS, The immigration agency connected with our State agricultural department has been run for ten years at the exclusive expense of the farmer, and when as we do believe the agricultural clause of the State should be required to sustain alone any department, the supposed benefits of which are to be distributed among all classes, therefore,

Resolved, That we earnestly protest against the unjust burden and demand the next session of our Legislature either to support the said agency from the general treasury of the State, or abolish it altogether.

Whereas our present law relating to homesteads and personal property exemptions are pregnant with evil in its practical operations and tendencies has brought about the oppression; the usurious and ruinous system of liens and mortgages, destroys credit, places men of moderate means in a condition but little removed from slavery; promotes dishonesty, cripples energy and retards progress, we the farmers of North Carolina, do

Resolved, That we favor such modification of said laws as shall ultimately do away with the lien and mortgage system and restore to the debtor class the only equitable and just basis of credit, honesty, integrity and industry.

Other resolutions and reports of less importance were submitted. In their declaration of principles, the convention declares that they will seek legislative relief not through separate parties, but through the 2 political parties now existing. All the present officers were re-elected to serve a second term. To night the convention was addressed by President J. F. Crowell, of Trinity College; and Joseph Moore, of New Garden. After some minor business was transacted it and at 10 p. m. The greater majority of delegates will leave for their homes to-night.

—*Charlotte Chronicle.*

CONGRESS.

Thursday, 12th.— In the Senate among memorials presented were several in favor of prohibiting the liquor traffic and for a constitutional amendment to that effect. Also one in favor of a World's Exposition in 1892. Some discussion was had on the bill to credit and pay the several States and District of Columbia the direct tax of 1861. In the Southern States alone the sum of $2,550,000 was directly collected by Federal officers, not one dollar coming out of the State Treasuries. It was argued that where the money did not come from the State Treasuries it was not right to pay the same to the States. Mr. Riddleberger urged an executive session, but the motion was defeated. Mr. R. declared his intention to vote for Mr. Lamar's confirmation as justice of the Supreme Court.

The resolution favoring the repeal of the Internal Revenue tax brought up Senator Vance. He said:

The lines had been drawn closely by the President's message on the subject of the surplus and taxation; the contest had to be fought out squarely and the question had to be decided unequivocally on its merits. That question was, Should taxation be enforced for the support of the government or for the enrichment of private individuals? No reputable hypothesis could be formed which presented any other phase of the question. The question was, Where should the reduction of taxes begin? The proposition of most of the Democratic Senators (following the lead of the President) was to begin and end with tariff taxation. The Republicans on the other hand, proposed to begin by reducing (only in part) internal taxes, and by adding to the free list those things coming from abroad which did not compete with things made in this country and the duty on which was therefore all revenue. For himself he proposed to begin with both evils as he found them, excessive internal taxes and excessive tariff taxation. In North Carolina there was cause of complaint against each, but there was far more complaint as to the method of internal taxation than there was as to the amount. Why, he asked, should not the excise tax be repealed, or greatly modified? The exigency which called it into existence had long since passed away. It involved the right of a man to do what he pleased with his own, within the bounds of the law of liberty. It involved the right of the farmer to sell the produce of his labor to any purchaser who offered the best prices. It involved the right of the husbandman to utilize the fruit of his orchard instead of leaving it to rot on the ground. It involved the still more momentous question whether the poor man's cabin should be indeed his castle, protected by organic law, or whether it might be ransacked at any hour of the day or night by a petty official "dressed in a little brief authority" in search of a tribute for an overflowing treasury. The people of North Carolina cared little or nothing about the tax on spirits or tobacco. They would pay it cheerfully if they could be spared the oppressive and vexatious methods and machinery of its collection. It was not a question (as was often so triumphantly stated) of choice between free whiskey and free blankets, because the duty on blankets was now practically prohibitory, and they would not be any cheaper if the excise on whiskey was removed. Mr. Vance proceeded with much detail to illustrate many of the inconsistencies in the tariff, particularly as bearing against articles consumed by the poor and in favor of those consumed by the rich. He declared that the central theory of the tariff was an iniquity and he was opposed to the whole thing out and out. He should not vote to put anything on the free list, the tax on which was pure revenue. He should strive earnestly to reduce taxation on the nessaries of life, and he should discriminate in nothing except luxuries and in favor of the helpless and unprotected.

The resolution was laid aside and then the Blair educational bill was taken up and constitutional argument made against it by Mr. Gray, which was also laid over as unfinished business.

HOUSE.—The House passed the bill permitting writing or printing on 2d, 3d and 4th class mail matter, recently decided against by the Postmaster General. It allows business cards to be printed on wrappers of books and merchandise. Private bills were discussed until adjournment.

STATE NEWS.

—Charlotte has not only determined on the establishment of two new cotton factories, but is taking steps toward securing a third.

—Wadesboro *Intelligencer:* Work on the silk factory is rapidly progressing. The building will be ready to receive the machinery in a very short time, and operations will begin, apparently, at an early day.

—A young man by the name of Lanier undertook to drink a gallon of whiskey at Randleman one day last week ane died from its effects. He only lacked three half pints of finishing the gallon.

—Shelby *Aurora:* Mr. Peter Buff, Jr., had a difficulty with Moulton Ramsey on Sunday, in which Ramsey was severely cut by Buff with a knife. A physician attended the wounded man, who was cut in several places, and dangerously in the left side.

—Wilson *Advance:* Joseph Bernett was up before a U. S Commissioner at Nashville last Saturday for passing off two $1 bills for $10s. He cut an 0 off a tobacco stamp and put it on a $1 bill. He fixed two this way and passed one to W. H. Freeman and the other to Lee Harrison, colored. He was bound over to the next term of the Federal Court and was sent to jail being unable to give bail.

—Newton *Enterprise:* Died, near Warlick's Mill, Catawba county, on January 1st, 1888, Mrs. Barbara Lowman at the advanced age of 96 years. The deceased was a remarkable person. She was married at the age of 17, seventy-nine years ago, and was buried in the same dress and stockings that she was married in at that time.—Monday was an unlucky day with the flock of P. D. Yount. His son, James, while carrying the mail fell out of the 'bus, and being run over by the wheel, had two toes broken; little Bertha cut off her thumb; Quince split a finger open cutting lightwood, and Albert stepped on some fire and burnt his foot very badly.

—Charlotte *Chronicle:* Three daring attempts at burglary were made in Shelby Monday night, in only one of which the burglar was successful.—A disastrous accident occurred to a passenger train on the Chester & Lenoir Narrow Gauge road, near Hickory, on last Thursday morning. The entire train with the exception of the engine and tender, went down with a trestle, fire broke out in the wreck and both trestle and cars were burned to ashes. So far as can be learned the list of the injured is as follows: Rev. Dr. Beall, of Lenoir, severely but not fatally hurt. Conductor Waddell slightly hurt. J. E. Coffey, colored, jaw broken. The engineer and fireman were painfully injured, and all the passengers were more or less hurt.—The Governor has designated the time for the sentence of death to be executed on Allen McCarter. McCarter was tried at the May term of Iredell county court and convicted of arson and sentenced to be hanged. An appeal was taken to Supreme Court which affirmed the decision of the lower court, and as required by law, the Governor ordered the execution, setting March 13th as the time.

Prompted by a Grateful Heart

And the belief that good can be done to others, the writer of the following could not resist forwarding this testimony. It came as all testimonials come to the Swift Specific Co.—unsolicited, and its frankness and earnestness speak better than volumes of labored and perfunctory praise. The lady is a prominent teacher in the public schools of Montpelier, Williams county, Ohio.

MONTPELIER, O., Sept. 2, 1887.

The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen—I wish to proclaim to the world what S. S. S. has done for me. For the past ten years I have been afflicted with dreadful eruptions on my face, caused by ivy poison. I was under the treatment of a number of physicians, but obtained no relief. I tried the best "blood purifiers" in the market, but without avail. I had given up in despair, thinking I could not be cured; but happening to read the Detroit Journal, I noticed S. S. S. advertised and Mrs. Bailey's testimonial. I thought I would try this remedy. I have taken eight bottles, *and there is not a spot on my face.* It has also cured me of chronic catarrh. I have never enjoyed better health than I do at present. I feel like a new person. I cannot find words sufficient to express my appreciation of its merits, and the gratitude I feel for the glad tidings that came to me through the reading of that advertisement. Wishing you every success, I am Yours truly,

JOSIE OWEN.

Mrs. Scott Liston, 116 Zane Street, (Island) Wheeling, West Virginia, writes October 25th, 1887: "Having used S. S. S. for the blood, I can safely say that it beats anything I have used to cleanse the blood and make a new being out of a person."

Mrs. R. W. Wilson, of Hopkinsville, Ky., writes: "Seven years ago a sore developed on my nose from a finger nail scratch. I tried a few simple remedies, but the sore would not yield. I grew worse every year for seven years. Many thought I had a cancer. Over a year ago I commenced taking S. S. S., and two dozen bottles entirely cured me.

"When I began with Swift's Specific, I was in very poor health, and could hardly drag about. After I had finished the course of S. S. S., I was strong and buoyant and had a good appetite. I regard it as a most valuable medicine for ladies in a weak, delicate health. It is a household medicine with me."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat	$0 90 to 1 00
Corn, per bushel,	60 to 00
Oats, " "	00 to 40
Rye, " "	00 to 80
Barley, per bushel,	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred,	2 00 to 2 25
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel,	0 00 to 0 60
Peas, (white,) " "	0 00 to 00
Beans (col'd.) " "	00 to 1 00
Beans, (white) " "	1 00 to 1 25
Onion Setts, per bushel	0 00 to 00
Pork,	7 to 8
Lard,	8 to 00
Country Meat, (hog round,)	07 to 08
" Hams,	12 to 15
Green Apples, per bushel	0 00 to 0 00
Eggs,	12 to 13
Butter, per pound,	12 to 18
Tallow, " "	8 to 00
Beeswax, " "	00 to 18
Flax Seed, per bushel,	90 to 0 00
Potatoes, Irish, per bushel,	00 to 0 00
Potatoes, sweet, " "	00 to 0 00
Cabbage, per pound,	2 to 0 08
Chickens,	13 to 20
Hay	40 to 45

Winston Tobacco Market.

Lugs.—Common, sound,	$ 3.00 to $ 4.50
" Medium,	5.50 to 8 00
" Good,	10 00 to 13.00
" Fine,	13.00 to 18 00
Leaf.—Common,	4.50 to 7.00
" Medium,	8.00 to 11.50
" Good,	12.00 to 16.00
Cutters.—Good,	22.00 to 27.50
" Fine,	30.00 to 35.00
Wrappers.—Common	22.00 to 30.00
" Medium,	25.00 to 35.00
" Good,	35.00 to 45.00
" Fine,	50.00 to 65.00

Dried Fruit Market.

Cherries,	13 cents.
Blackberries,	7 "
Raspberries,	15 "
Whortleberries,	6½ "
Damson Plums,	5 "
½ Unpeeled Peaches,	6 "
¼ Unpeeled Peaches,	4 "
Bright Peeled Peaches,	8 "
Fancy Peeled Peaches,	12 "
Ex. Fancy Peeled Peaches,	15 "
¼ Apples,	3 to 4 "
Bright Sliced Apples,	4 "
Fancy Sliced Apples,	5 "
Ex. Fancy Sliced Apples,	6 "

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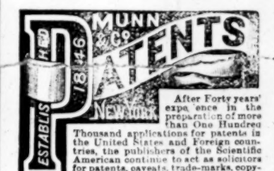

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will comprise several illustrated articles on Ireland, by Charles De Kay; papers touching the field of the Sunday-School Lessons, illustrated by E. L. Wilson; wild Western life, by Theodore Roosevelt; the English Cathedrals, by Mrs. van Renselaer, with illustrations by Pennell; Dr. Buckley's valuable papers on Dreams, Spiritualism, and Clairvoyance; essays in cticism, art travel, and biography; poems; cartoons; etc.

By a special offer the numbers for the past year (containing the Lincoln history) may be secured with a year's subscription from November, 1887, twenty-four issues in all, for $6.00, or, with the last year's numbers handsomely bound, $7.50.

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1888.

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Men's, and Boys' Hats and Caps.

Musical Instruments.

600 yards of remnant Cloths, 1 and 2 yard lengths, 25c. per yard.

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P. S. Every purchaser of $2 worth of goods is entitled to one chance in a fine handsome new Parlor Organ, containing 4 setts reeds, two couplers, 11 stops and two knee swells, to be presented to the lucky person on New Year's day 1888.

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Next door to Postoffice,
Winston, N. C.

Dec. 15, 1887—3 m.

1888.

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The Times is a one-cent paper only in price. It aims to have the largest circulation by deserving it, and claims that it is unsurpassed in all the essentials of a great metropolitan newspaper.

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Terms—Daily, $3 per annum; $1 for four months; 30 cents per month; delivered by carriers for 6 cents per week; S

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1888.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Departure and arrival of Trains on the Salem Branch—N. W. N. C. R. R.

On and after Sunday Nov. 14th, trains leave as follows:

No. 9 Leaves 5.30 a. m. Mail closes 5 a. m.
" 10 Arrives 11.30 a. m.
" 11 Leaves 7.20 p.m. Mail closes 6:45 p.m.
" 12 Arrives 12.30 a. m.
Money Order and Register business closes at 6.15 p. m.

—Our delinquent subscribers will confer a special favor by settling their accounts particularly those of more than one year's standing.

—The roads are almost impassable.

—Sleet Thursday night and Monday.

—The Salem Furniture Factory is running the saw mill a few miles above Winston.

—Alfred E. Shore of Bethania, is among the newly appointed storekeepers and guagers.

—Poplar, Maple, Ash, Cherry and Walnut Lumber wanted by the N. C. Furniture Co., Salem, N. C.

—On Tuesday night of last week, some thieves entered the smoke house of E. J. Hine, near Friedland, and stole a quantity of bacon.

—The Internal Revenue collections at the Winston office on tobacco and cigars only, for six months, ending Dec. 31, amounted to $277,618.90.

R. M. Sloan, well known and respected here, having been connected with the First National Bank of Winston, and a resident of Salem, at that time, died in Reidsville January 17th, aged 54 years.

—William Pratt died near Mt. Tabor, in this county, from the effects of diphtheria, aged about 24 years. Mr. Pratt was a promising young man and made many friends in this place and vicinity.

☞ Four warm rooms, 16x16, to rent, on Church street. Single or double, 40 cents per week. Apply to C. R. Welfare.

—Aaron Stafford, (col.) a blacksmith, is in jail awaiting his trial on the charge of stealing coal from Jno. Spach, in Waughtown.

Smith Clinard, (col.) from Waughtown, is also jailed for safe keeping on the charge of stealing meat.

—Julius A. Hege has a small steel trap, on a pole at his fish ponds, which has abundantly paid for itself. He has caught 46 chicken hawks, 150 king fishers, 8 crows, 6 screech owls, 6 large horned owls, and a lot of black birds within three years.

GOOD PORK.—In the vicinity of Arcadia Township, Davidson county, during Christmas week, Joseph Sowers killed three hogs weighing 1,059—average 353 pounds. Jonathan Hanes, 3 weighing 348, 378, and 333. Eli Zimmerman 13, 8 were 18 months old weighing 3,489—averaging 436⅓; also 5 pigs, eight months old, weighing 1331 pounds, and averaging 266 1 5 pounds—altogether 4,820 pounds of pork.

—Wanted by the N. C. Furniture Co., Salem, N. C., clean, dry Corn Husks, for which they will pay ten dollars ($10.00) per ton.

—The Revenue receipts in the Fifth District for the month of December, '87, are as follows:

At Salisbury,	$39,573.95
At Winston,	33,013.96
At Statesville,	22,866.87
At Mt. Airy,	3,685.32
At Asheville,	2,852.18
Total.	$101,992.28

—H. E. Fries, of the Wachovia Mills, had been missing some fine chickens, and finding a number of dead ones around the hen house, he set a steel trap at the door, without the desired effect, only finding another dead chicken. Next evening he set a dozen traps around the house, and in the morning a fine specimen of a mink lay stretched out, with a fore foot in one trap and a hind foot in another. His minkship was a rare show to some 40 or 50 spectators before he was finally killed.

DISTRESSING.—We learn from the Mt. Airy *News* that Thos Marion, a young married man, was drying a lot of timber in a tobacco barn, near Dobson, Surry county, on the 5th inst. He had overloaded the cross beams with lumber, and seeing them give way, he ran into the barn and placed his shoulder under one of the beams, calling to his wife to bring him a prop; before she could do so the timbers came down upon him and pinned him to the floor, the lumber took fire, and all the efforts of his faithful wife were useless to free him. She then gave the alarm, but help came too late and although some 20 or 30 men worked manfully, Mr. Marion was dead before he could be got out.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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For sale by Dr. V. O. Thompson, Winston, N. C.

It is not often, that in a month's time our people can enjoy music of such a high standard as we had the pleasure of hearing during the opening weeks of the new year. First came the Mendelssohn Quintette club with their charming music, and then, as if to cap the climax, our home talent comes forward and renders a programme, which for variety, taste and musical worth, cannot be surpassed outside the great musical centres in the larger cities.

THE MID WINTER CONCERT OF SALEM FEMALE ACADEMY, was certainly bright among the many brilliant musical entertainments given within its classic walls. It is superfluous for us to express admiration when the audience was carried away with an enthusiasm seldom shown among our people.

The first number of the program was an original march composed by the musical director, Prof. Markgraff. It was a lively and well timed piece, in which our native orchestra excelled all their previous efforts.—One of the interesting features of this brilliant introduction was the debut of Miss Maggie David, violin, and Miss Bea Winkler, Violoncello. Their work was satisfactory, and the bowing as natural and graceful as that of a professional. Miss Bewley's piano playing in Chopin's Valse op. 34, was meritorious. Miss Hunnicutt used her naturally fine voice to good advantage in "O, I'm the Merry Postillion. 'Impatience' on the piano by Misses Fagg and Clark, was pleasingly given. Miss Ilah Dunlap gave the splendid song, 'Yearnings' with a charming elegance. The lively 'La Californienne' was well played by Misses Helen and Dessie Keese. Miss Birdie Goslen displayed a fine piano training in "New Spring."—

Then came a burst of royal music, in one of the grandest choruses from Handel's "Samson" we have listened to. One hundred and fourteen persons, including Orchestra, in vocal and instrumental music, caused a melodious torrent to swell within the chapel walls, the like of which has never occurred here. Miss Lillie Clark, in the song "Esmeralda," has a promising voice. The whole programme was a series of pleasant surprises, prominent among them was the appearance of Miss Selma Krulshik, who, though quite a little girl, gave Chopin's Grand Valse op 42, without the notes, having committed the difficult piece of music to memory, playing it with wonderful precision and effect. Miss C. Mickey captured the audience with her excellent playing. The Serenade, a duett by Misses Sutton and Fitzpatrick, was neatly played. But now comes the "Exaltation" played by Miss Marguerite Du Four, also without notes. Her manner was natural, forcible and elegant, and although she attacked the piano with a vim, yet there was nothing to mar the beauty of one of Schumann's masterpieces. Miss Lula Hege played well, as she always does. No. 15 was another chorus from 'Samson,' of equal merit with the first Miss Addie Miller played well in Ketterer's L'Argentine.—Miss Beard possesses a sweet voice, and sang well Storch's "Alone."—Her articulation is unusually precise but not enough to hurt, Miss Ella Siddall played Liszt's Polonaise in E Major splendidly. The final chorus was one of those that linger in the hearts of lovers of good music. Broad, grand, full in its sonorous racket, it was a majestic masterpiece, as its author Mendelssohn, intended it to be. Miss Lillie Fahs' recitative was fine and her voice promises well, strong, clear, yet tender, it may reach an enviable compass. The song of the wise men, was fine. Truly this selection from Mendelssohn's "Christus" was a fit conclusion to this excellent concert.

The Orchestra certainly deserves special mention. Their work was well done. All of the members are engaged in business and devete their leisure hours to music. They rank with the best amateur musicians in the South.

We noticed among the Orchestra some old familiar faces, prominent among them Miss A. VanVleck at the piano. Prof. E. W. Lineback, Organ and Cello, Prof. A. Minung, Violin. Among the male voices we recognized Messrs Ebert and Lichtenthaeler. We like this blending of the new and the old. We congratulate Prof Markgraff on his success. He has won unfading laurels. His able direction and steady work insures success. Mein Freund, du hast ein gutes Werk gethan.

A Gift For All.

In order to give all a chance to test it, and thus be convinced of its wonderful curative powers, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, will be, for a limited time, given away. This offer is not only liberal, but shows unbounded faith in the merits of this great remedy. All who suffer from Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affection of Throat, Chest, or Lungs, are especially requested to call at Dr. V. O Thompson's Drug Store, and get a Trial Bottle Free, Large Bottles $1.

—Good, clean, dry Corn Husks are now bought by the N. C. Furniture Co., Salem, N. C., for making mattresses. Call and see them.

BETHANIA, N. C., Jan. 14, 1888.

Messrs. Editors:—As most of the readers of your paper are probably interested in the distribution of the Public School Fund I hereby send you a list of the apportionment to the various Districts of our county, as made by the County Board of Education, on 1st Monday in January. The various School Committees are each officially notified by myself the amount due their District; but the patrons of the Schools may also desire to know what the apportionment is, and can here see for themselves.

Taking the White School Districts first:

No. 1	gets	$103.00	No.31	gets	$ 90.00
" 2	"	100.20	" 32	"	122.92
" 3	"	100.00	" 33	"	90.00
" 4	"	110.00	" 34	"	121.25
" 5	"	110 50	" 35	"	90.00
" 6	"	107.50	" 36	"	130.00
" 7	"	120.00	" 37	"	100.00
" 8	"	126.06	" 38	"	110.00
" 9	"	100.00	" 39	"	110.00
" 10	"	110.00	" 40	"	130.00
" 11	"	110.00	" 41	"	100.00
" 12	"	115.00	" 42	"	106.00
" 13	"	106.25	" 43	"	153.89
" 14	dropped.		" 44	"	120.00
" 15	gets	$120.00	" 45	"	100.00
" 16	"	184.75	" 46	"	110.00
" 17	"	110.00	" 47	"	60.00
" 18	"	288.75	" 48	"	100.00
" 19	"	100.00	" 49	"	90.00
" 20	"	101.25	" 50	"	101.25
" 21	"	110.00	" 51	"	107.50
" 22	"	106.25	" 52	"	128.75
" 23	"	90.00	" 53	out	
" 24	"	113.07	" 54	gets	815.00
" 25	"	125.50	" 55	"	100.00
" 26	"	100.00	" 56	out	
" 27	"	110.00	" 57	gets	90.00
" 28	"	140.00	" 58	"	90.00
" 29	"	100.00	" 59	"	101.25
" 30	"	100.00			

COLORED SCHOOLS.

No. 1	gets	$ 80.00	No.12	gets	$125.00
" 2	"	90.00	" 13	"	100.00
" 3	"	80.00	" 14	"	120.00
" 4	"	110.00	" 15	"	80.00
" 5	"	130.00	" 16	"	100.00
" 6	"	155.00	" 17	"	90.00
" 7	"	80.00	" 18	out.	
" 8	"	150.00	" 19	gets	208.75
" 9	"	157.50	" 20	out.	
" 10	"	127.50	" 21	gets	80.00
" 11	"	111.60			

NOTE.—Some numbers, it will be observed, both in White and Colored Districts have been dropped. These Districts are marked *out* on above list, because they have been abolished.

I shall ask the use of your columns for a brief exhibit of our Public School work, as soon as I find myself able to furnish it; it may be possible that such a short account of our "doings" in the Public Schools will interest many of your patrons.

Very Respectfully,
A. I. BUTNER, *Co. Supt.*

Waughtown Items.

Cloudy weather and muddy roads.

C. F. Nissen & Co. sent 11 wagons to Floyd, Va., in one day.

E. L. Vogler was at home during Christmas holidays, and has returned to Wake Forest for another session.

S. J. Nissen's tobacco peddler, J. P. Horney, is off again with the weed. Geo. E. Nissen & Co. sent several mules and horses with him for sale.

The Sink Brothers' sawyer, Lee Phillips, has moved to our town.

Dr. W. B. Harrell and family go to Clayton, N. C., shortly.

The Baptists have commenced work on the church again, and with their energetic pastor no doubt will be pushed to completion soon, as Elder S. F. Conrad is noted for church building.

John J Light, who has been west five or six years, will return in February next, and connect himself with his brother, E M., in the sawmill business.

John H. Lanie drew the $100 organ at D. D. Schouler's, in Winston

John Henry Williard is looking very, very pleasing. They are both boys. P.

KERNERSVILLE.—Kernersville is 120 years old. It was first settled about 1760 by Caleb Story, an Irishman. Tradition says that he bought the original tract of 400 acres, on which the town was built for four gallons of rum. He sold to Dobson, and for many years the town was known by the unpretentious name of "Dobson's X Roads." Dobson sold to Shober, and Shober to Joseph Kerner, a native of Germany, in 1818, who bought additional tracts to the amount of 1,100 acres. Joseph Kerner died in 1839, leaving his entire possession to his two sons, John F. and Philip Kerner, and one daughter, Salome. The three heirs divided the property. Salome married Appolis Harmon, a native of Connecticut. He died in 1845, leaving his interest to his 2 sons, Rufus and Julius Harmon. Philip Kerner sold his interest to W. P. Henley, in 1848. J. F. Kerner died in 1883, leaving his estate to his nine children, all of whom are living in Kernersville. The three estates have since been divided and sold, but we are told of the 1,000 inhabitants, more than 500 are direct descendents of Joseph Kerner.

—*Kernersville News.*

DYSPEPSIA

Is a dangerous as well as distressing complaint. If neglected, it tends, by impairing nutrition, and depressing the tone of the system, to prepare the way for Rapid Decline.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle. Trade Mark

—THE BEST TONIC

Quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia in all its forms, Heartburn, Belching, Tasting the Food, etc. Removes and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite and aids the assimilation of food.

REV. J. T. HOSSETT, the honored pastor of the First Reformed Church, Baltimore, Md., says:

"Having used Brown's Iron Bitters for Dyspepsia and Indigestion I take great pleasure in recommending it highly. I consider it a splendid tonic and invigorator and very strengthening."

HON. JOSEPH C. SEitz, Judge of Circuit Court, Clinton Co., Ind. says: "I hear most cheerful testimony to the efficacy of Brown's Iron Bitters for Dyspepsia and recommend it."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

CLEMMONSVILLE, N. C., January 13, 1888.

Messrs. Editors:—We send you a list of a few of the best hogs killed in and around Clemmonsville:

Thomas Boyer, one hog, 360 lbs. W. C. Strupe & Son, four, 402, 331, 285, 265; 1283 lbs. S. S. Jones, three, 215, 240, 257; 712 lbs. Y. S. Lawrence, three, 309, 247, 258; 814 lbs. Henry Newsom, one, 453 lbs. Dr. J. F. Griffith, 3, 304, 305,224; 833. W. E. Johnson, six, 445, 366, 346, 330, 312, 295; 2094 lbs. R. A. Turner, one, 422 lbs. T. D. Welfare, two, 338, 256; 594 lbs. Lewis Mullican, three, 274, 234, 224; 732 lbs. Frank Cook, two, 416, 352; 768 lbs. J. F. Reich, five, 301, 298, 228, 235, 172; 1235 lbs. Levi Miller, one, 445 lbs. Augustin Hanes, two, 332, 368; 700 lbs. Dr. T. P. Tucker, one, 305 lbs. Andrew Hanes, 3, 225, 226 336; 780 lbs. Bryan Jarvis, two, 319, 256; 575 lbs. U. A. Phelps, three, 147, 312, 253; 712 lbs. R. A. Phelps, two, 300, 318; 618 lbs. Lewis Cornish, one, 356 lbs. Henry Boner, 2, 360, 368; 728 lbs. Mrs. Alex. Daniels, 1, 367 lbs John Nelson, 1, 565 lbs. E. McKnight, one, 300 lbs. A. C. Wharton, five, 275, 313, 278, 277, 440; 1584 lbs. Gotlieb Spaugh, two, 392, 435; 827 lbs. Miss Maggie Eccles, two, 332, 318; 650 lbs. Andrew Huffman, one, 375 lbs. Dan Woosely, two, 259, 267; 526 lbs. John Ellis, one, 261 lbs. Zed Griffith, one, 625 lbs.

Total number, 68 hogs; weight, 21,565 lbs., an average of 317 lbs. Ten of the best averaged 464 lbs.

Yours truly,
C. E. S.

—A list of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Salem, N. C., for the week ending Jan. 14, 1888:

Ladies.

Miss Cora Hill, Miss Annie Adens, Miss Mary Ann Swaim, Miss Alice Sides, Miss Susia Whitehead, Mrs. July Williams.

Gentlemen.

Mr. Needham Atkinson, Mr. James Fishel, Mr. F. W. Grimes, Mr. John L. Kinnamor, Mr. Simpson Marklin, Mr. W. C. Petty, Mr. Landrom Shorts.

Persons calling for these letters should say *Advertised*, and are required to pay 1c. for each letter.

T. B. DOUTHIT, P. M.

Renews Her Youth.

Mrs. Phœbe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, and have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all diseases and pain."

Try a bottle, only 50c. at Dr. V. O. Thompson's Drug Store, Winston

MARRIED.

In this county, Dec. 22nd, by J. A. Nifong, Esq., Joseph Shutt to Miss Lucettie Ketner.

In Davidson county, on the 5th inst., R. J. Wagoner to Miss Lizzie Kanoy.

DIED.

In Randolph county, on the 3rd inst., Wm. Lewis, aged 97 years and 6 months.

Near Colfax, Guilford county, recently, Wm. Pegg, aged about 78 years.

Near Orinoco, Davidson county, recently, Mrs. Sallie Jones, aged about 80 years.

At Archdale, Randolph county, Dec. 25th, 1887, Mrs. Fannie Mendenhall, wife of Eli Mendenhall, aged 35 years.

At Fork Church, Davie county, Dec. 23rd, Dr. Milton Hobbs, aged 80 years.

In Guilford county, Jan. 3rd, Mrs. Malinda Osment, aged 78 years.

At his home, four miles south of Danbury, on Tuesday, Dec. 27th, John Baker, one of Stokes county's oldest and most respected citizens. Mr. Baker was in some respects a very remarkable man, though more than 77 years old, up to the time his health failed, a few months before he died, he could remember almost every event of any note that he had witnessed for fifty years back, could tell the day of the week, month and year, and in most cases who was present; he was a great bee hunter, up to the last reliable account we had from him, had found 181 bee trees. —*Reporter and Past.*

THE BOSTON STARS,
BROWNS OPERA HOUSE.
FORSYTH RIFLEMEN BENEFIT.

Miss Henson,
the noted Soprano,
Rudolph King, Cornet,
and other gifted and popular artists.
Saturday night Jan. 21st.
Tickets, 75, 50 and 25 cents. For sale at Brown's Drug Store.

[From the Boston Advertiser, Feb 28 85.]

Miss Henson made a most favorable impression with her clear, telling voice, and her decided, urgent, straightforward manner. Miss Hansen ought to become a fine oratorio singer, for she has many of the best requisites.

[From the Courier Journal.]

Walter Emerson won a positive triumph His playing of the beautiful serenade by Schmann, was certainly the most finished performance ever listened to in Louisville. He ranks as first cornetist of the day.

VISIT

THE CEDAR COVE NURSERIES,

which are now, by odds the largest best conducted and well stocked with the most reliable fruits of any nursery in the State. Contain more reliable acclimated varieties of Apples, Peaches, Pears, Cherries, Grapes, and all other fruits for orchard and garden planting. We have no competition as to extent of grounds and beautifully grown trees and vines of all desirable ages and sizes. We can and will please you in stock. Your orders solicited.

Prices reasonable.

Descriptive catalogue sent free.

Address, N. W. CRAFT,
SHORE, YADKIN CO., N. C.

July 14, 1887–6m.

NEW BOOKS.—Gretchen, by Mrs Holmes. Moravian Hymn Books, Gospel Hymns, &c., &c., at Salem Book store.

FORSYTH COUNTY: In the Superior Court.

Lucinda Helton against Henry Helton. } SUMMONS FOR RELIEF.

THE STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

To the Sheriff of Forsyth County—GREETING:

You are hereby commanded to summon Henry Helton the defendant above named, if he be found within your County, to be and appear before the Judge of our Superior Court, a Court to be held for the County of Forsyth, at the Court-House in Winston, on the 4th Monday before the 1st Monday of March next, and answer the complaint which will be deposited in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of said County, within the first three days of said term and let the said defendant take notice that if he fail to answer the said complaint within the time required by law, the Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint,

Hereof fail not, and of this summons make due return.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, this 3d day of January, 1888.

C. S. HAUSER,
Clerk Superior Court Forsyth County.

It appearing from the return of the Sheriffs of Guilford and Forsyth Counties and from other proofs that the defendant is a non-resident of the State, and cannot after due diligence be found so that the process of the court, can be served upon him, it is ordered that the above summons be published in the Salem Press, a newspaper published in Forsyth County, for six successive weeks, notifying the defendant of the time and place of the return of said summons.

This 3d day of January, 1888.

C. S. HAUSER, Clerk
of Superior Court.

Jan. 5, '88—6w.

Ladies & Everybody

—GO TO—

MRS. T. B. DOUTHIT'S,

—FOR YOUR—

MILLINERY & NOTIONS. LADIES BASKETS

largest assortment in town.

Hosiery, Collars and Cuffs, Corsets, Handkerchiefs, Rubber Shoes, Buttons, Thread, Toilet Soaps, Perfumery, Zephyrs and Yarns of all kinds Knitting Silk, Filling —— Silk and Jewelry, ——

and a beautiful line of

CHRISTMAS GOODS,

and anything you may want in my line, all at

Very Low Prices

FOR CASH.

PLEASE CALL AND EXAMINE before buying.

All Orders By Mail Will Receive Prompt Attention.

SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA.

Nov. 17, 1887–6m.

THIS MEANS YOU.

When in need of Nails, Horseshoes, Axes, Hoes, Mattocks, Stoves, among which may be found

THE CELEBRATED

R. E. LEE COOK,

Farming Implements of all kinds, Machinery of every description, or, in fact, anything in the

HARDWARE LINE

go to R. R. CRAWFORD'S, who keeps a large and complete stock of the best quality of

HARDWARE

which he sells at bottom figures.

DON'T—FORGET—THE—PLACE.

R. R. CRAWFORD,

HARDWARE MERCHANT,

LIBERTY ST., WINSTON, N. C

THE WILMINGTON STAR.

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

Attention is called to the following reduced rates of subscription, cash in advance.

The Daily Star.

One Year,	$6 00
Six Months,	3 00
Three Months,	1 50
One Month,	50

THE WEEKLY STAR.

One Year,	$1 00
Six Months,	60
Three Months,	30

Our telegraphic News service has recently been largely increased, and it is our determination to keep the STAR up to the highest standard of newspaper excellence.

Address,
WM. H. BERNARD,
Wilmington, N. C.

A. N. ZEVELY & SON,

Agents for Mail Contractors,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WAGON FOR SALE.—A good *track-out* Wagon and Hand Cart for sale. Enquire of
L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

T. R. PURNELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

RALEIGH, N. C.

BUSINESS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

JOHN H. SINK,

AT WAUGHTOWN, N. C.,

Keeps constantly on hand and sells at the lowest prices:

Dry Goods and Notions,
Fancy Goods,
Hats and Caps,
Boots and Shoes,
Hardware, &c., &c.

Indeed nearly everything usually kept in a general store,—and on Flour, Ship-Stuff, Chop, Meat, Sugar, Oil and Molasses, he is the leader in Waughtown, and makes good

Coffee, Sugar, Cigars and Tobacco

A SPECIALTY.

He also sells Dr. Howard's Celebrated Family Medicines, and a full line of other Family Medicines; give him a call and you will be sure to get 100 cents worth of goods for every Dollar you pay to him.

John is an honest boy and will certainly do you right "just as he has always been doing." Also whenever you want to build go to John and he will sell you LUMBER as low as the lowest.

Anonuncement.

We have just received direct from Northern cities, and are now opening an entirely New and Fresh Stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods and Notions, Plain and Fancy Groceries, a full and complete line of Shoes, Hats, Hardware, Drugs and Crockery, and everything generally kept in a first class General Merchandise Store.

We have purchased at the lowest cash figures, and will sell at the lowest possible margin. We hope by fair dealings and polite attention to all persons to merit a fair share of the public patronage. Mr. Clinard cordially invites all his old friends and the public generally to come and see him. With an experience of 40 years in the mercantile business he feels flattered that he can please his friends of the past and hopes to add many to the list of those whom he has waited upon.

Very respectfully, yours,
CLINARD & BROOKES.
Pfohl & Stockton Old Stand, Salem, N. C.

CHEAP COFFEE.

HOME ROASTED COFFEE AT 18 CTS. A POUND.

PUT UP IN POUND PACKAGES.

Every Package Contains a Present, in Value from 5 cents to $3.00.

TRADE SUPPLIED BY

SOUTHERN CHEMICAL CO.,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

FOR SALE BY

J. F. HARRIS, Winston, N. C.

☞ Mention this paper.

E. A. GRIFFITH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

WINSTON, N. C.

OFFICE OVER CLARK & FORD'S STORE.

Will practice in Superior, Supreme and Federal Courts. Strict attention given to all business, especially to collection of claims.

☞ Will negotiate loans on the best of security. Mar. 4, '86—tf.

FAMILY BIBLES.

Persons wishing FAMILY BIBLES will please call and examine styles and prices at the Salem Bookstore. JOHN H. ZEVELY.

FOR MAN AND BEAST!

Mexican Mustang Liniment

CURES

Sciatica,	Scratches,	Contracted Muscles,
Lumbago,	Sprains,	Eruptions,
Rheumatism,	Strains,	Hoof Ail,
Burns,	Stiffness,	Screw Worms,
Scalds,	Stiff Joints,	Swinney,
Stings,	Backache,	Saddle Galls
Bites,	Galls,	Piles,
Bruises,	Sores,	
Bunions,	Spavin	
Corns,	Cracks.	

THIS GOOD-OLD STAND-BY

accomplishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Liniment is found in its **universe applicability.** Everybody needs such a medicine.

The Lumberman needs it in case of accident.

The Housewife needs it for general family use.

The Canaller needs it for his teams and his men.

The Mechanic needs it always on his work bench.

The Miner needs it in case of emergency.

The Pioneer needs it—can't get along without it.

The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable and his stock yard.

The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply afloat and ashore.

The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance.

The Stock-grower needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble.

The Railroad man needs it and will need it as long as his life is a round of accidents and dangers.

The Backwoodsman needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life, limb and comfort which surround the pioneer.

The Merchant, no matter about his store among his employees. Accidents will happen, and when these come the Mustang is wanted at once.

Keep a Bottle in your House. 'Tis the best of economy.

Keep a Bottle in the Dairy. Its immediate use is the only safeguard against loss of wages.

Keep a Bottle in the Stable for use when wanted.

Winston, N. C., Oct. 24th, 1887.

To Our Customers and the Public.

Notwithstanding this has been a hard year on every one we have done more business than in any previous year—one-fifth more. Our large increase is mainly to the fact that we

HANDLE GOODS, HONEST GOODS,

Buy them from first hands in large quantities at the lowest package prices and

Sell Them as Low as Possible,

to make a living out of our business. We are pleased to state that both our

WHOLESALE & RETAIL,

stock this Fall has never been equaled. We sell goods from our Retail Departments only

FOR CASH,

and we are at no loss. No house in this country carries so full a line of Goods as we do. Our stock of

SHOES AND BOOTS

comprises more than four hundred cases—not a shoddy pair in the lot. Fifty cuses RUBBER SHOES. We can fit and suit Children, Misses, Boys, Ladies and Gentlemen, with BAY STATE Shoes and Boots and ZIEGLER SHOES. THE 2 BEST BRAND OF GOODS MADE. Also have a full line of other Shoes and Boots.

DRESS GOODS,

Flannels, Linseys, Shawls, Cloaks, Jerseys, Hoods, Hosiery' Merino Underwear, Blankets, Gloves and Notions, Jeans, Cassimeres, &c., in greater variety than ever before.

IMMENSE STOCK OF HATS, CAPS,

Hardware, Wooden Ware, Drugs, Groceries, Oils, Leather, Ropes, School Books, Stationery, Trunks, Grass Seeds, &c.

WE CANNOT ENUMERATE

the one hundredth part of our stock in a newspaper column. We invite all to come and examine our goods before buying. We will make it to your interest. Remember that you can come nearer

GETTING EVERYTHING YOU WANT

at wholesale or retail at our house than in any house in the State.

Yours Very Respectfully,

HINSHAW & MEDEARIS.

BEVAN THE JEWELLER

HAVING REMODELED AND GREATLY IMPROVED HIS STORE ROOM has just opened a large assortment of novelties for the holiday trade, FLORENTINE STATUARY IN GROUPES, SINGLE FIGURES, PLAQUES, ANIMALS, &c., to which attention is invited; also the largest stock of best

QUADRUPLE SILVER PLATED WARE

ever exhibited in the Piedmont section. His stock of GENTS and LADIES FINE GOLD WATCHES and WATCH CHAINS is new and elegant, also shows a line of beautiful PARLOR MANTEL CLOCKS warranted first class time keepers. In ladies jewelry his stock is large and elegant, and too numerous to mention in detail.

GOLD AND SILVER HEAD CANES

being a favorite present for gentlemen, a handsome variety is shown. Our patrons and the public are cordially invited to see our new goods and novelties when looking for presents. Dec. 8, 1887–3m.

HARDWARE.

McCormick MOWERS & REAPERS.	MACHINERY of all kinds.	HARNESS of all styles.
Clipper and F. F. PLOWS.	ENGINES & BOILERS.	Manufactured by us and Guaranteed
Hoes, Traces, Hames, &c.	Mill Supplies, Belting and Oils. Corn and Flour Mills.	1st CLASS. Patent Riveted Collars.

A Large Line of COOK STOVES, PAINTS, OILS, &c.

☞ Special attention to Wholesale Trade. Come and see us, or write for prices.

BROWN, ROGERS & CO., Winston, N. C.

March 25–6m.

-:NURSERYMEN:- —AND— -:TREE DEALERS.:-

A RARE BARGAIN IS OFFERED BY the undersigned, in a

Very Fine Lot of Apple and Peach Trees,

consisting of from 6,000 to 8,000, all over 4 feet; about one-third are 2 years Peach, and remainder 2 years and 3 years Apple—fine trees and choice varieties.

I would be pleased to receive offers for the above stock from any responsible party, as I am anxious to dispose of it at an early day, and in order to do so, will sell at

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

Farmers and Orchardists, in fact all who want or need a lot of Fruit Trees, Vines, &c., should not fail to examine

MY STOCK AND PRICES

before placing their orders for Fall planting, as I have some rare bargains to offer, and quality considered, I don't propose to be UNDERSOLD by ANY responsible party.

List of varieties and full particulars for stamp. Correspondence solicited.

Address J. R. OSBORNE, Prop'r.
Lone Star Nursery,
Bethany, Davidson Co., N. C.

Please mention this paper.

THE FARMERS' AND PLANTERS'

ALMANAC

FOR THE YEAR

—1888—

Now ready and for sale by

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

SALEM, N. C.

1888.—PRESIDENTIAL YEAR—1888.

TO KEEP POSTED ON POLITICS

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE

NEW YORK WEEKLY HERALD.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Greatest & Cheapest Family Journal in the U. S.

An Impartial Epitome every week of

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SPECIAL FEATURES

Practical Farming. The Advance of Science. Woman's Work. Notable Sermons. The World of Literature and Art.

—Short Stories.—

INFORMATION ON ALL SUBJECTS.

Address:
JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
NEW YORK HERALD,
New York City

BUTTERFLIES.

A WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF THE WINGED INSECTS.

A Room in a New York Broker's House which Contains 100,000 Butterflies Collected at a Great Cost.

There are butterflies that sail gracefully through space within the boundaries of New York State that are worth $10 apiece. Think of that, ye homeless tramps. Go catch a dozen, and then take them to Berthold Neumoegen, and he will give shekels for them, for he is desperately enamored of butterfly creation, and has given as much as $160 for a single specimen of the gauzy creatures. Mr. Neumoegen is a member of the New York Stock Exchange. In the top story of his house is a room which contains 100,000 butterflies and 100,000 pins, for every butterfly in Mr. Neumoegen's collection is defunct, and is impaled upon a pin.

None but those who have seen a hundred thousand butterflies, each of them differing from the other in some particular considered important by science, can have the faintest conception of the wonderful beauty of many of these most delicate creations of nature. Nothing in art can approach them in delicacy of texture, or is to be compared to them in coloring. Some of the rarer specimens exhibit marvelous combinations of color and are so surpassingly beautiful that no description could do them justice. There are just two collections in the world that can compare with that owned by Mr. Neumoegen. One is possessed by the British Museum in London, and the other is found in a public institution in Paris. Mr. Neumoegen has been collecting butterflies for twenty years, and his hobby has cost him $35,000 in money, to say nothing of the value of the time he has devoted to the pursuit or without calculating the daily expense entailed by the collection and the reputation it has gained for its possessor. Two men are almost constantly employed in receiving and shipping specimens, for butterfly collectors are continually exchanging specimens. One day last week Mr. Neumoegen shipped to a single collector in Europe, by the steamship Saale, 20,000 butterflies. He generally keeps in stock about 100,000 specimens for purposes of exchange, and these are exclusive of his collection, not one of which he would dispose of unless he felt certain of being able to replace it.

When the King of Belgium sends an expedition into Africa Broker Neumoegen takes a share in the enterprise. His correspondent in Belgium gives him an idea of the character of each member of the expeditionary force. This enables him to select the best man for his purpose, and the selection having been made and terms agreed upon, the butterfly collector patiently awaits results. His emissary will devote all his spare time to securing specimens of all the butterflies in the country visited, and will ship them at his convenience. Generally the captives are packed in a triangular bit of paper and then put into a cigar box or something like it and sent by mail. Specimens have been seven months on the road, and upon their receipt are not always in the freshest condition. Now every butterfly in Mr. Neumoegen's collection is perfect. How is this result attained? In what are mistakenly termed the good old days the specimens were placed on wet sand until they were in a "relaxed" condition. Mr. Neumoegen has invented a process which he believes to be a vast improvement over the old style, and the condition of his collection proves that his belief is well founded. He places newly-received specimens in a small tin box. The latter is provided with a cork bottom. The cork is dampened and the temperature and moisture is controlled by a pipe that connects the interior of the box with the outside air. In four weeks the most hardened specimen has never failed to respond favorably to this mode of treatment. When the specimens have become sufficiently relaxed they are placed upon spreading boards. These boards are from three inches to three feet in width and all of them have a groove in the centre. Into this groove the bodies fit. The wings and feelers are spread upon a flat surface, and five pins are inserted interdifferent portions of the insect. Then glass or tin weights are placed upon the specimens, and when these are removed the butterflies, with few exceptions, exhibit all the beauties of their natural state.

The great African explorer, Livingstone, has furnished Mr. Neumoegen with some of his rarest butterflies. Others have been furnished by Stanley, others again by Lieutenant Schwatka and members of the Greely relief expedition; in fact, his collection has been enriched through the efforts of some member of every exploring expedition that has been organized with in the past fifteen years. In his collection are butterflies that refused to freeze on the shores of Lady Franklin's Bay, within 500 miles of the north pole; that have disported themselves on Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand. Others lazily flew from flower to flower on the banks of Lakes Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza. Gorgeous-hued victims were captured near the headwaters of the Amazon. Borneo and Labrador, Thibet and Alaska, China and Siberia, Turkestan and Kamschatka have furnished their contingent: so have the Himalayas, the Rocky Mountains and the Alps.

Some of the butterflies in this army of 100,000 are so small that several of them wouldn't incommode an ordinarily sensitive optic, while others measure seventeen inches from tip to tip of their wings, and these look big enough to waste small shot upon. But every butterfly, small or big, is labeled, and upon each label is marked the name of the specimen, the family to which it belongs, its sex and the name of its discoverer. There are several butterflies named in honor of Berthold Neumoegen, and one of these, the Neumoegenia poetica, a night-moth, which is found in Arizona, he has fallen in love with. It is small, and its wings are snow-white on the outer edge and golden-hued next the body. Curiously enough the male butterfly is much handsomer, generally, than the female. The latter is usually the more strongly built. To the uninitiated some of the female butterflies do not look as if they belonged to the same family as the males of the same family, they are so much less attractive in coloring, and, in some respects, in form. But this difference never leads astray the experienced collector.—*New York Times.*

A Necessary Precaution.

"Mary," said a lady to her maid, "I am going to take the train to-morrow morning at six o'clock."

"All right, ma'am."

"Yes. And I shall want you, consequently, to wake me up at five o'clock."

"Yes'm. But, I—s'pose—"

"What do you suppose, Mary?"

"I s'pose you'll ring the bell for me, ma'am, about a quarter to five, so I'll be sure to be awake to call you at five, ma'am."—*Youth's Companion.*

"Sound-Blindness."

An educational writer states that the existence of what he terms "sound blindness" was suggested to him by the difficulties some persons experienced in learning to spell and pronounce foreign languages. The phenomenon is evident inability to distinguish particular shades of sound, and is analogous to color blindness. Among illustrations given is that of a boy who, though not deaf, could hear no difference between "very," "perry" and "polly."

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Sweet Potato Pudding Recipe.

Oh, bring me from far in a Southern clime
The sweetest potatoes that ever grew;
Such apples of earth as the olden time
In its visions and prophecy envied the new.
And wash them with lady-like, lily hands,
Till they look as pure as the saffron light,
That falls in the summer on fairy lands,
From the moon in the depth of a cloudless night.

And let them be next of their skins beguiled,
But tenderly strip off the earthy vest,
As if you were flaying a sleeping child,
And cautious of breaking its gentle rest.
And let them be pulverized next by the skill
Of the same white hands and the grater's power;
And a heaping-up tablespoon five times fill
With the precious results of their golden flour;
Of boiling hot milk add a full quart cup,
And next, with five eggs in a separate bowl,
Beat five tablespoonfuls of sugar up,
And stir them well in with the foaming whole.

Add one tablespoonful of eau de rose;
Of salt a teaspoonful; and after these,
Of butter an egg-sized morsel; and close
With a flavor of nutmeg, as much as you please.
Then bake it—'tis pudding—I pause at the name
To reflect on the puddings of days that are past,
And the prospects of more, which, aspiring to fame,
And failing, I've lost to go hungry at last.
—*New York Knickerbocker.*

Mrs. Cleveland's Brown Bread Recipe.

The following is the recipe of the President's wife for making brown bread:

One bowl Indian meal.
One bowl rye flour.
One bowl sour milk.
One large cup molasses.
One teaspoonful soda.
One tablespoonful salt.
Steam two and one half hours, and bake from twenty minutes to one half hour, depending upon heat of oven.

F. F. CLEVELAND.

Useful Hints.

Rubbing with celery is said to remove the smell of onions from the hand.

Highly-polished brass may be kept absolutely bright and free from tarnish by thinly coating the articles with a varnish of bleached shellac and alcohol.

If a bedstead creaks at each movement of the sleeper, remove the slats and wrap the ends of each in old newspapers. This will prove a complete silencer.

Never wash a jelly bag with soap, or a strainer cloth, a pudding bag or dumpling nets. The next thing that is put into or passed through these things will surely taste of the flavoring of alkali.

To tell cake in the oven, draw it gently forward and put the ear close to the loaf; if it is not done there will be a little sputtering sound; when it is thoroughly baked there will be no sound.

To brighten a Brussels, or any carpet that is faded, sponge in a mixture of one part ox-gall to two parts water. This is excellent. A lady recently bought a much faded carpet (Brussels) at a second-hand store, and restored it to almost its original beauty in this way.

To remove "red mites" from canaries, hang a piece of new white flannel in the cage at night, next the perch, so that it shades the bird from the light. In the morning you will find a few mites on the flannel; wash, or put in a new piece the following night, and continue doing so until they are all removed. It is also well to scald the cage. The perches should be of red cedar wood.

Prof. Brinton says that the very best thing for a sprain is to put the limb into a vessel of very hot water immediately, then adding boiling water as it can be borne. Keep the part immersed for twenty minutes, or until the pain subsides; then apply a tight bandage and order rest. Sometimes the joint can be used in twelve hours. If necessary, use a silicate of sodium dressing.

Sometimes the lampwick will obstinately refuse to be turned up in an orderly manner. It will seem firmly wedged at one side, while the other will run up in a point, causing weariness and vexation of spirit. To overcome this depravity take a new wick, draw out a single thread near the selvage, and the wick will be found quite tractable when introduced into the burner. The cogs will take it up properly, and it will appear in good form and give an even flame when lighted.

Gems in Ant Hills.

"There is an original garnet mine, and the miner as well," said my companion, as we were riding among the mountains of New Mexico.

Following the direction of his glance I saw a tall, well-formed Navajo Indian standing motionless by what appeared to be a small sand heap.

Wishing to investigate we drew nearer, and found that the statuesque native was watching one of the many ant hills that dot the country through New Mexico and Arizona as well. As we approached he hardly looked up, appearing indifferent after the fashion of his race, and his object was still an enigma, at least to me.

The Navajo tribe had never produced a naturalist, and it was hardly possible that he had been studying the habits of the active insects. Perhaps he was trying to collect enough for dinner—Indians have been known to eat ants. But this Indian was, after all, a close observer, and was reaping his reward, for when I asked him what he was doing he held out a small bag, the contents of which I turned out upon my hand—garnets, small but good, in great numbers, bits of quartz that gleamed like diamonds, here a bit of turquoise, large quantities of olivine and a single gem, an emerald, of but little value, but an emerald after all.

An ant hill was a curious place from which to take such a strange assortment, but, as my friend had suggested, this was the original native mine, and the real miners were the ants. In piling up their dome-like home they brought out the minute gems one by one and placed them among the bits of sand, where they gleamed and flashed as if inviting collection. The Indians have discovered their value, and in this way did their mining, allowing the ants to do all the work and taking the gems as fast as they were brought up.

The stones found in this way range in size from the head of a pin to a large pea, and, besides the one mentioned, rubies have been taken from the heaps.

These stolen gems are sold in lots and used in various kinds of jewelry. Nearly every ant-hill is examined in this way and the mounds gone over, often the ants being watched and the gems taken from them as soon as they are brought up.—*Golden Days.*

Harnessing a Snow-Slide.

Captain Jackson, of the Belle of the West, has a novel idea. High up in Full Moon Gulch, in a point almost inaccessible to animals, the Belle of the West people have secured some timber. In midwinter this gulch is a prolific breeder of untamed snow-slides. The captain's plan is simply to fell the timber on the newly fallen snow in the gulch and let each successive slide carry its burden to the park below. Snow-slides, like lightning, have often been instruments of destruction, sure and pitiless as fate itself, but this is the first time we have heard man propose to use their latent power for useful ends. The next thing we know some daring individual will be hoisting ore with a water-spout.—*Ouray (Col.) Budget.*

Good nature shows virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

Bean Bag Parties.

Bean bag parties have proved to be occasions of much sport. At one end of the parlor or hall is placed an inclined board with a square hole in it. Standing at the other end—and the farther away from the board the more fun there is in the game—the players pitch ten bean bags toward the hole. A regular score is kept, and if ten bags fall in the hole it counts 100, or ten for each bag. Another bag, double the usual size, is also provided, and if this also is thrown into the square opening, it adds twenty, making 120, the highest possible score. Should any of the bags remain on the board, they count five points apiece, but for every bag that is thrown upon or falls to the floor five points are subtracted. The big bag, or Jumbo, counts double, or ten in each case. Many young society ladies have become quite expert at pitching the little bags, and show excellent judgment and skill in accurately gauging the distance and the strength necessary to be exerted. In most cases the bags are made of gaily colored ticking, Jumbo being individualized by material of different pattern, but some young ladies have taken pains to have handsomely embroidered receptacles for the beans. The board is generally of plain wood, polished, about two feet wide and three feet long, and nine or ten inches high at its greatest distance from the floor. The hole is about five inches square and the smaller bags are a little larger. "Jumbo" contains a pint of beans, and the other bags half that quantity. Sometimes prizes are awarded to those making the highest scores.

Another method of getting fun out of the bean bag is to divide the players into two rows, standing facing each other at a distance of eight or ten feet. The bean bags are distributed to the players on one side. The one at the head of the line then tosses his bean bag to the leader of the other line opposite, who tosses it back. Then No. 1 throws it to No. 2 opposite, and so on down the line. As soon as No. 1 has received his bag back after his first toss, the second one of the bean bag holders tosses to the leader of the opposite line, and follows the play of No. 1. Soon all the bean bags are in the air, going back and forth, and the sport gets exceedingly lively. One person keeps tally of all failures to catch the bags, and these are scored against the proper side. The side dropping the fewest bags in five or ten minutes, as the time may be agreed upon, wins the game. The scorer, in case of an unfair toss, may put a mark down against the thrower, instead of the one who failed to catch the bag.—*Boston Herald.*

Women in China.

China, after being known to Europe for over five hundred years by Europeans only, has at length spoken for herself. Tcheng Ki Tong, military attache to the Chinese Embassy in Paris, tells us that women, although excluded by Chinese custom from society, and consequently unable to exercise their power in various ways familiar to the women of the West, have an authority in the household beyond anything known in Europe or America. The Chinawoman is her husband's equal before the law, and can buy, sell, contract, alienate or conduct any business negotiations in his place. She has complete control of her children and of their education. Her own, although not solid according to our notions, is practical and graceful. Besides domestic accomplishments, poetry and elegant literature have a place in her studies, and are often her favorite recreations. Skill in painting and embroidery is held in high esteem, and the cultivation of flowers, especially within doors, is one of the daily pleasures of every woman of leisure. This charming taste and luxury is carried far beyond anything that we imagine, even with our hot houses and conservatories. Her amusements are limited; games of cards and loto are among the most exciting. "If heaven gives her children," declares Colonel Tcheng, "and a good husband, she is certainly the happiest of her sex." Matrimony is universal and entered upon very early. Celibacy is condemned as a vice, and an old bachelor or an old maid is looked upon as a monster. Marriages are made while the parties are extremely young, according to our notions, and arranged by the parents or the next of kin, when the future consorts are children. Lovemaking, courtship, engagements in our sense of the term are unknown or impossible. Women, although they go out unveiled, live in a sort of gynecæum, to which only their immediate kinsmen have access. The preliminaries are frequently managed by discreet and zealous friends, or even by respectable professional go-betweens. The first step in the alliance is a solemn ceremony of betrothal, emphasized by a festival in both families, when the contract is signed by the parents and heads of the respective houses, and the bridegroom sends the bride a pair of bracelets in token of espousal; but neither she nor he are present on this occasion. Later he sends what is known in France as the corbeille, or those articles of a bride's wardrobe which are not included in the trousseau. In China they consist of silk and cotton stuffs and embroideries, and are literally sent in a basket, or rather in several dozen very handsome ones. This is the signal for another pompous ceremony; and, on the bride's part there comes in return a splendid dress to be worn on the wedding day, which, if her future husband is already a man of rank, is the uniform of his grade; every degree of mandarin is distinguished by his costume, and after marriage the wife wears a dress corresponding to his title. The bridegroom, moreover, sends to the lady's family presents of choice eatables, notably a peculiarly delicious sort of cake, to be distributed among the acquaintances in announcing the engagement. The marriage must be concluded within a year from this interchange of gifts.

Fashion Notes.

Serviceable hats and bonnets are made of crimson flannel, having pinked-out edges.

A pretty mode in bonnets is that of velvet, over which is caught a golden or silver net.

Electric blue and moss green are ingeniously blended in some of the new trimmings.

A piping of fur is seen on the corsage of walking dresses. Astrakhan is the fur most used.

Large disks appear as a figure upon all kinds of dress fabrics, from plush to nets and crepe lisse.

Belt clasps are oftener used than buckles, they being more convenient and quite as effective.

Single flowers of velvet are placed at regular distances on white tulle ball dresses with pleasing effect.

Seal skin bonnets are now trimmed with various colors, and are made thereby to have a novel effect.

A new quality of nun's veiling, which is very delicate and does not crease easily, is known as Japan crape.

The newest lace pins are of oxydised silver, with mountings of antique, marine and military subjects.

The last sweet thing in ribbons is a handsome Ottoman with a cord-like edge of either velvet, gold or silver.

A favorite hat for children is the sailor of felt, rolled up at the back under a cluster of plumes or loops of ribbon.

Scotch plaid plush is a new dress material, which will recommend itself to those who like a showy style of dress.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The invention of the spirit level is credited to J. M. Melchisedec Thevenot, who died in 1692.

From 1784 to 1792 New Hampshire had a "President" instead of "Governor" as its chief executive officer.

The heaviest fighting during the civil war was in Virginia—519 engagements. Tennessee had 298 and Missouri 244.

Lysippus invented, 226 B. C., the art of taking likenesses in plaster molds, from which he afterward cast models in wax.

The antiquity of cities was, in order, Meroe, Syene, Thebes, Memphis, Bubastes, Byblos or Babylon, Damascus, Sidon, etc., all built before the year 2500 B. C.

Laborers digging a cut for a railroad near Canterbury, England, uncovered an almost perfect circular well built of flints. Local antiquaries say that it is the opening to some subterranean passage used by the Romans when they camped there.

A good authority on such matters says it is a well-know fact among railroad men that on railroads running north and south the west rails wear out the faster; that five rails wear out on the west side of the track while three are doing service on the east side.

A remarkable case of "substitution" was recently found in a Georgia iron mine. Workmen digging came upon a pine stump, or what had been a pine stump, now converted into brown iron ore. The stump showed all the fibres and bark of the original pine tree, and resin streaks were plainly seen in places.

A two-headed calf was born in Duluth recently. The heads are perfectly distinct and of ordinary size, and are connected at the ears. It has two ears, four eyes and two mouths, and takes nourishment in both mouths. The calf is perfectly natural in every respect and healthy, but not strong enough in the neck to support two heads.

Ants not only recognize one another after separation for more than a year, but there are evidences of strong affection between them. After keeping one nest of ants for seven years, Sir John Lubbock had still two survivors, and this pair finally died within a week of each other after living together two years longer. The shock produced by the loss of her companion was the only apparent cause of the death of the last member of his remarkable colony.

Massage.

The art of massage is of great antiquity. On the question of massage, those who have traced out its history tell us that this system was practiced in very early times by the Chinese, and that the Greek and Romans also resorted to its aid, evidences of which appear in the literature of those two great countries. This ancient art has been revived, in the present day, on the Continent and in America, as well as in England, and is being very extensively practiced. I have spoken of massage as a mechanical mode of treatment—and so it is; but those who undertake to perform it ought to have some head knowledge concerning their work as well as finger dexterity. The masseuse has to make herself acquainted with the structure and the function of the tissues and muscles on which she is called upon to operate, and therefore some study of books on this part of the subject is required. Then there are the necessary dexterous manipulations to be acquired; these particular movements can only be learned from actual demonstrations, and nothing but patient practice will attain the manual dexterity needful to perform the process. The general term of massage includes several kinds of manipulations; these are also designated by French names. One of these is known as effleurage; this consists in gently stroking the part under treatment, which stroking increases in strength, and terminates in a firm rubbing of the skin with the palm of the hand. Under the effect of this treatment hardness and dryness of the skin give way to softness, and the effect is very soothing. Another form of treatment is named petrissage. This process consists in pressing and kneading and rolling the skin and muscles—a form of massage brought into use in cases where the patient is deprived by infirmity or accident from taking bodily exercise. The advocates of massage affirm that the use of petrissage also soothes and reinvigorates the overtired and fatigued limbs of those who have gone through an unusual amount of physical exertion. Tapotement is a rapid mechanical movement used as a stimulus for rousing into action organs which are inclined to remain dormant. Massage a friction may be described as a series of circular rubbing with the finger tips, performed in a rapid manner, the object of which process is to squeeze out the waste products formed in the tissues of joints.—*Cassell.*

How Dutch Bulbs are Raised.

Robert T. Farquhar, of Boston, who lately visited the Holland Bulb gardens, gives in *Popular Gardening* the following description of them: It is singular that no other country has been able to compete in this trade, but the peculiar position of the reclaimed land, doubtless, has much to do with it. The gardens are all very much alike. Fancy a level field, 15 to 20 acres in extent, cut up at every 200 yards or so by ditches or canals large enough to float a boat. These are met at right angles every 40 or 50 yards apart by smaller ditches, which one can step over. As there is also water in these, the fields never get very dry, but as the soil is exceeding porous and sandy, surplus moisture rapidly drains off. These canals connect with the nearest commercial system, and are so arranged that manure can be carried throughout the fields, and the bulbs, etc., to the various stores or magazines in boats. The bulbs are handled in large baskets resembling our bushel baskets, but padded inside to prevent injury of the bulbs.

The surface of the bulb fields is about two feet above the water. In summer the canals are covered with the tiny *Lina natans*. Carts with very broad tires are also used on the fields, light wooden bridges being provided for these, which can be easily raised to allow boats to pass. At the ends of the fields, close by the canal, are holes, into which cow or barnyard fertilizer is dumped to rot preparatory for use. The soil is very light, sandy, free from stones, and so fine that a great deal of the work in planting and lifting the bulbs (down some four inches) is done by hand and without tools. The soil is evidently stream deposits, and the bulb-growers add very liberally leaf mould and cow dung. This kind of soil suits Hyacinths, Tulips, and Narcissus, but Hotteias or Spiraeas, Dielytras, Lily of the Valley, and others of that class, are grown in heavier, more loamy soil, which is much darker in color than the soil for Tulips, etc.

An Odd Bird.

Another curious wader is the thick knee or Norfolk plover, a bird of the wilds and downs. The two stone-colored eggs are laid on the waste, in the midst of which they so exactly resemble actual stones it would be almost impossible to detect them from a little distance. The only way to find the eggs is to watch the movements of the old birds from some distance with a field-glass, as the hen-bird, on leaving the eggs, runs for some distance before rising, thus luring the intruder into the belief that the spot from which she rises is the position of the eggs, unless with his trusty binoculars he has watched the progress of the manœuvre. Another curious habit of the thick-knee is to crouch along the ground. Perhaps, like the ostrich, the bird imagines that it is not seen.—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

At Milking-Time.

So! so! pretty Brownie, come let it down!
I'll give the more milk to your bossy brown!

You know well enough in yonder stall
Your bossy's the prettiest boss of them all,

With its dark-brown coat and the star on its brow.
What's this? You insist you must lick it now!

There! Kiss your little one; now be still!
Not yet can the bossy drink its fill!

Madame calls it Pollux; you know the name;
'Tis the Latin for Bullock—it's all the same!
—*Queen of Roumania, in Independent.*

The Disposition of Animals.

The temper of a farm animal as an element in determining its value is not often given the consideration it merits. The value and usefulness of a farm animal depends almost as much upon the mental characteristics of the animal as upon its physical characteristics. A horse may be muscular and active; but if it uses its muscles and shows its activity by kicking the other horses by running away with the wagon or plow whenever the opportunity offers, or by getting over the best fence on the farm, it is of less value than a horse with less muscle and activity and more religion. And the mental part of other domestic animals is of scarcely less importance. Yet we go on giving our attention to the color of the hair or the size of the ear or horn, and altogether neglect the disposition of the animal.—*Western Plowman.*

Exterminating the Potato Bug.

The Colorado potato beetle appeared on a potato field at Malitzch, Torgau, Germany, on July 8 last, being the first instance of the kind on the Continent. The effective measures that were taken to exterminate the pest and with apparent success, are a striking example of how similar measures might effect a great saving in this country from attacks of new insects.

As soon as the attack was discovered, the whole surrounding country for six and a quarter miles was quarantined, and all fields inspected by specially appointed surveyors. Placards with colored illustrations of the insects were distributed everywhere, in order to put the inhabitants on their guard. A thorough investigation disclosed that nine small potato plantations lying close together and covering about six and a half acres were attacked. The quarantine was limited to this district, and the eggs, larvæ and beetles were gathered under the strictest supervision. Then the soil was removed from about the plants, being carefully searched for larvæ and chrysalides. The plants and roots were then carefully gathered and placed in a pit about four feet deep in layers four inches thick, each layer being thoroughly saturated with raw benzine oil, which, in a short time, destroyed the plants and any beetles adhering to them.

After piling up five such layers the pits were completely covered with earth. The infested fields were then plowed ten or twelve inches deep, careful men following each plow and collecting any larvæ, chysalides or beetles that were turned up. This plan was followed when the land was harrowed, and the harrowing was repeated. After all this search the land was saturated with raw benzine oil at the rate of 165 pounds to forty-seven square feet, and the fields were then shut up. The fields will not be cultivated next year, but will be strictly examined from time to time, small groups of potatoes being planted to attract whatever insect may survive. Raw petroleum is equally as efficacious as the other oil, and was used in some cases. This is a good example of the thoroughness practiced in German farming.—*New York Herald.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Turnips are standard good food for sheep.

This is the season to feed sunflower seeds to fowls.

Water animals in their stalls during severe weather.

Take your choice; kill the lice or let them kill the calves.

Feed the crops on the farm and get the full market price.

Wouldn't it pay to look a little into the fertilizer question this winter?

A good steer is worth more than an indifferent bull, and keeps with half the trouble.

Before putting up new pork it is important to make sure that the barrel is perfectly sweet.

Bloody meat or blood from the slaughter house, rubbed upon the trunks of trees, will repel rabbits.

Clear up dead vines, old stakes, bean poles, etc., burn the rubbish and store whatever is worth keeping.

Crushed oats steeped in boiling water and fed cool but not cold is said to fatten hogs quickly and make fine meat.

F. D. Curtis thinks a farmer does not come up to his privileges who fails to have a small flock of mutton sheep.

Provide, without fail, for the dust bath during the winter season, when the fowls cannot scratch in the open ground.

Don't think the cow will be insulted if you give her a friendly pat every time you are within reach of her. Such pats are returned in pats of butter.

Professor Storer thinks a ration of thirty pounds of pumpkin per cow daily will increase the flow and improve the quality of milk. Pumpkin seeds should be removed before feeding.

Mr. T. D. Carter, good authority, says good silage, properly fed, is nourishing, reliable, and produces good results. The milk is sweet and rich, and it improves the churning quality of the cream.

A dairyman says he would prefer to spend all the proceeds of the dairy for feed during February, March and April, for instance, and look to the rest of the year for profits, than to slack up on feed, even with dry cows.

Farmers are beginning to find out that it is not paying them to husk, grind and mix feed for stock; that the corn that is fed on the farm should never be separated from the stalk on which it grew, but fed together, and save at least one fourth of the labor and the uncalled for expenses of husking and grinding.

A mixture of half a bushel of lime, a half pound of copperas and one pound of cheap glue has been found effectual as a paint applied to the stems of young trees to repel rabbits in winter. Slake the lime, and when it cools add the copperas, glue and sufficient water to make of proper consistency. Apply with a brush.

An English writer condemns corn fed pork as a compound which does not commend itself to the tastes of those who have an opportunity of enjoying pork compounded from oatmeal, wheat meal, pea meal and potatoes. *Duncan's Magazine* says: Crowding corn, and nothing but corn, into hogs from the time of birth to the time of slaughter is unnatural and unreasonable.

Teddy Wick, an expert barber in London, recently undertook to shave fifty persons in sixty minutes for a wager of seventy-five dollars a side. He is said to have actually shaved seventy-seven in three seconds less than an hour, thus easily winning the stakes. He shaved twenty-one in the first fifteen minutes, fourteen in the second quarter-hour, nineteen in the third, and twenty-three in the last fourteen minutes and fifty-seven seconds.

Executions in Austria.

The Austrian method of executing criminals differs greatly from that in vogue in this country, and though apparently more horrible in the deliberate rigor of the arrangements, is more speedily effective. The condemned man is placed against the post, at the top of which is a hook, and at the bottom a pulley. A rope having a loop at each end is passed around the neck of the victim, another is tied about his feet, the end being passed through the pulley. Two assistants then lift the man by means of the rope around his neck about six inches, and suspend him from the hook at the top of the post. At the same time the other assistants pull with great force at the rope attached to the feet. Death ensues usually instantaneously, though there is a range from one-half to two minutes in many cases. —*London Telegraph.*

Reclaiming the Desert of Sahara.

Part of the Desert of Sahara is likely to become transformed into a fertile and populous region. Artesian wells have been bored in great numbers throughout the southern section, from which a plentiful supply of water is derived. These cases are becoming so numerous that the heretofore continual drought has been broken, and rain has fallen in small quantities where it was never known before. In addition many thousand trees have been planted, and these will in time help to change the character of the region.—*Cultivator.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

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100 Doses One Dollar

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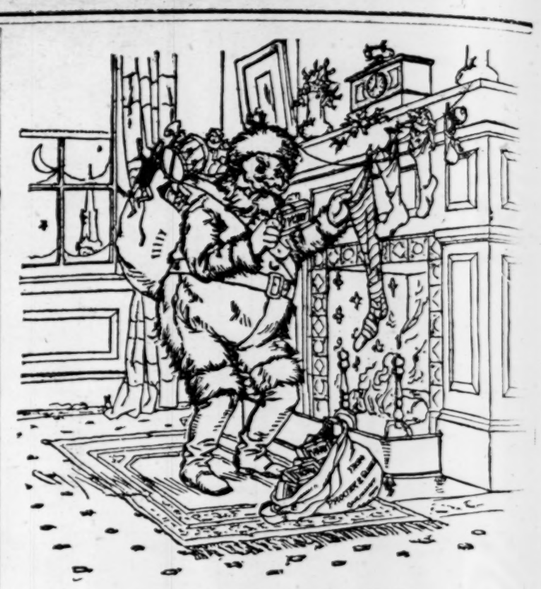

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"I've traveled through the sleet and snow,
Across the country high and low,
To fill the stockings small and great
That here in line my coming wait.
In creeping baby's tiny hose
The india rubber rattle goes;
A handsome doll, with staring eyes,
Will much the little miss surprise;
And what will more delight the boys
Than musket, drum or bugle toys?
And now, before I climb the flue,
I'll bear in mind the mother true,
Who works so hard by day and night
To keep the clothing clean and white,
And in her stocking, long and wide,
Some cakes of IVORY SOAP I'll hide."

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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